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JULY 1989

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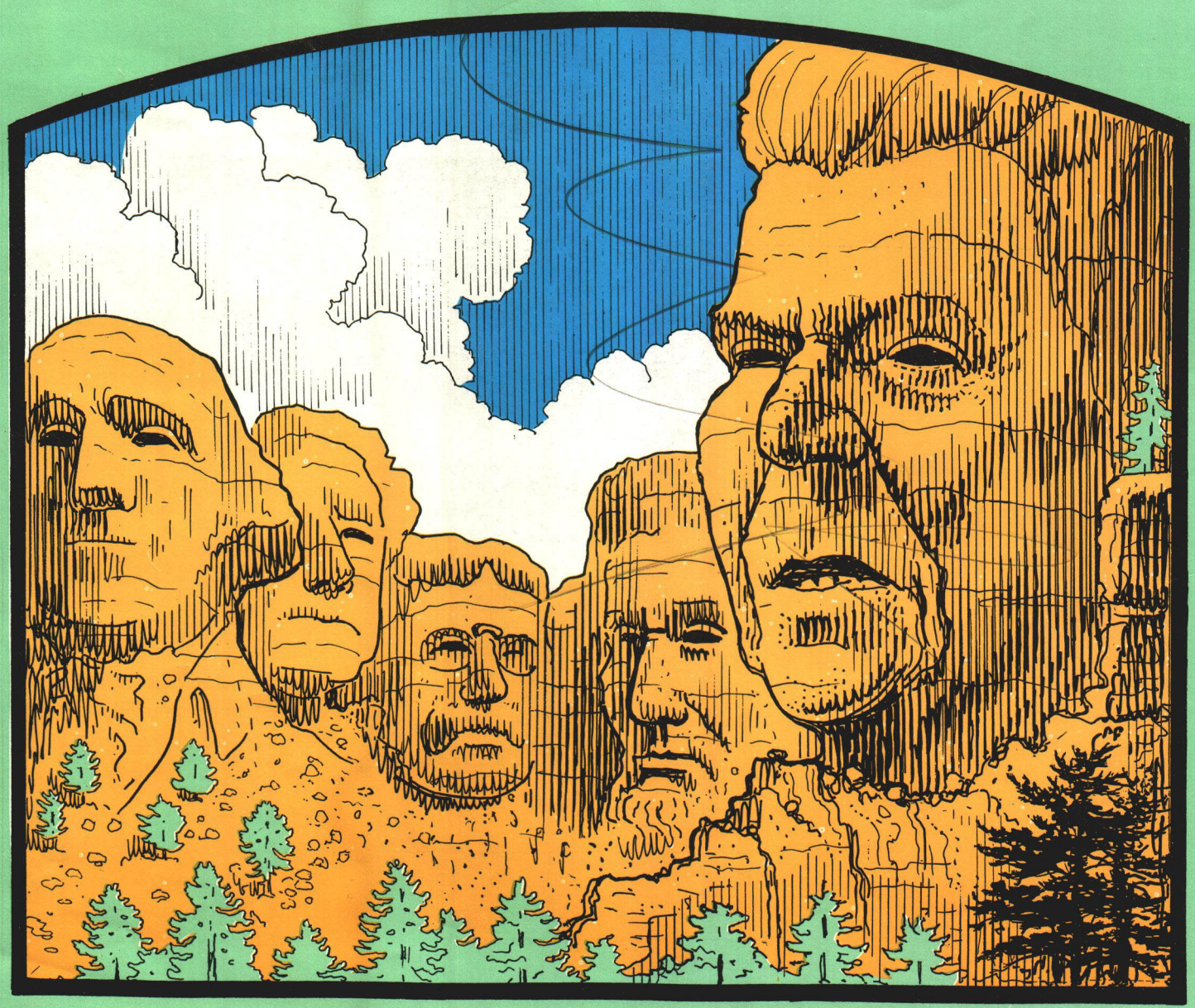

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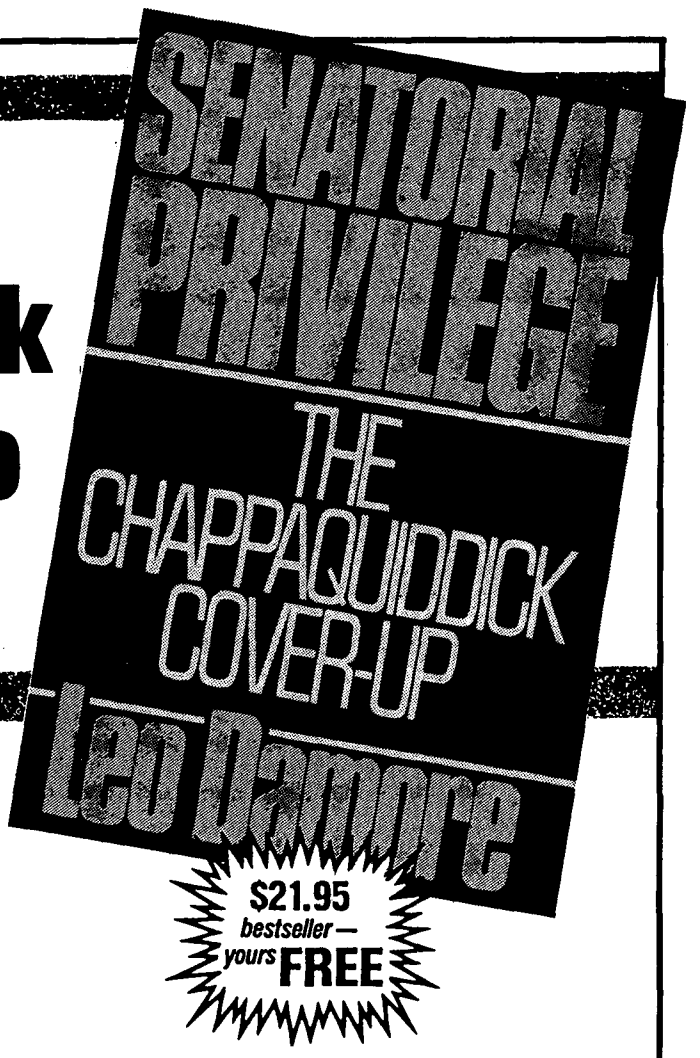
Despite a media brownout, this book fought its way onto the bestseller lists.



And when you read what it reveals about Teddy and Chappaquiddick, you'll see why.

Ray Kerrison explains it all in his *New York Post* column:

"The biggest surprise — and scandal — of the publishing season is the public's extraordinary demand for a book exposing Sen. Edward Kennedy's fatal escapade at Chappaquiddick, despite a review blackout by the nation's media giants.

This book is titled *Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Cover-Up* (Regnery Gateway, $21.95). Written by Leo Damore, it made the *New York Times* non-fiction best-seller list yesterday for the eighth straight week.

Yet the . . . *Washington Post, Los Angeles Times, Boston Globe, Time* and *Newsweek* have all boycotted it.

The media blackout is all the more suspicious because Damore's account is a meticulous examination of what happened at the bridge and the aftermath. It was written with the cooperation of Joseph Gargan, a Kennedy cousin, who was involved in the nightmare. . . .

Damore's book leaves no doubt that: a) Kennedy left the party for a romantic interlude; b) he was drunk; c) he drove off the bridge at considerable speed; and d) his license had expired five months earlier.

It discloses how Ted Sorenson, President John F. Kennedy's speechwriter, drafted Sen. Kennedy's fictitious explanation of the tragedy for a national TV audience."

People Magazine shares the enthusiasm:

"An achievement of reportorial diligence, this book tells a story that the most imaginative crime novelist would have been hard put to invent. It is a tale of death, intrigue, obstruction of justice, corruption and politics. It is also one view of why Sen. Edward M. Kennedy was never indicted in connection with Mary Jo Kopechne's death . . . readers will find it hard to put down."

Adds the **Wall Street Journal**:

"Absorbing and definitive account . . . Damore . . . is a disciplined and relentless writer who makes his case more devastating because he never steps back and editorializes. Each falsehood, blunder and evasion is in tight focus. . ."

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Israel and the Media

Are current events in Israel getting fair coverage?

In December of 1987, an Israeli civilian was stabbed by Arabs in the Gaza territory, administered by Israel. On the following day, four Gaza Arabs were killed by an automobile driven by an Israeli. The two events were totally unrelated. Yet, the rumor spread that the Arab deaths were revenge murders by the Israelis. Rioting broke out and spread into Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank"), also administered by Israel. It was the beginning of the "intifada," which still goes on. The media have covered and continue to cover this uprising extensively. Are they doing it fairly?

What are the facts?

■ The conflict between the Israeli government and the Arabs in the areas administered by Israel, the so-called "intifada," is essentially a minor regional one. It does not compare in scope, in violence and in the number of people killed or injured to the many other conflicts going on in the world right at this time, such as the conflict between the Basques and Spain; between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; and between Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs in India. And there are many more. Just as with the Arab-Israel conflict, no easy or early solution seems at hand.

■ Yet, while the "intifada" is only one of many regional conflicts, the volume of its coverage in the media has made it appear to be a major world event. There are over 250 press and t.v. reporters accredited in Israel, a tiny country the size of New Jersey and with only half the population of New Jersey. This large media contingent is second only in number to that of Washington and Moscow—and less than that of such key news centers as London, Paris, Bonn, New Delhi, Peking or Tokyo. Naturally, all of these reporters must produce daily stories in order to justify their presence. This results in much journalistic overkill. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reports in an internal audit that. . .during a 5-month period in 1988, they published over 300,000 words on the "intifada," more than two articles daily, one-quarter of which appeared on the front page. That was the most intense coverage by the *Post* of any continuing story. In contrast, when in one day 65 Shi'ites were killed in one of the brotherly battles in neighboring Lebanon, the *Post* gave that only 600 words, in an article on page 15.

■ But it isn't just the intensity of coverage that casts serious doubt about the fairness of the media. It's primarily the slant that is being given to the news, both in the print media and on television. Television, especially, thrives on "action bites," short dramatic scenes with potential to get the viewer involved. For instance, we see over and over again pictures of teenage boys throwing rocks at Israeli soldiers, and the soldiers chasing those teenagers with guns and clubs. That inevitably creates the impression of Israel as the bully or the Goliath, and of the "Palestinians" as defenseless Davids. The opposite is true, of course. Israel is a beleaguered country surrounded by implacable enemies, who incessantly plot its destruction. The "intifada" is part of that never-ending war.

■ The media do not show the hundreds of Israeli soldiers and civilians who have been grievously wounded and in some cases killed by rocks and gasoline bombs. They do not show the Arabs setting countless arson fires, in which over 25,000 acres of forest—every tree having lovingly been planted by hand—have been destroyed. They do not show the attacks on Jewish farms, the wanton destruction of industrial and public service facilities, the fire bombing of hundreds of buses, and the ruthless killing of livestock. They do not show the PLO terror aimed at the "Palestinians" themselves. In the last seventeen months of the "intifada" dozens of Palestinian Arabs have been murdered by the PLO, hundreds injured, many critically. This campaign of intimidation has increased since Yasir Arafat allegedly renounced terrorism.

■ In the few cases in which fuller coverage of the conflict was attempted on t.v., such coverage usually did turn out to be more "show-biz" than serious reporting. ABC's reportage "Six Days Plus Twenty Years" was so blatantly anti-Israel in tone that Arab countries rushed to use it as a propaganda film. Peter Jennings on ABC insistently perpetuates the odious comparison of Israel with South Africa. T.V. interviews with people in the territories invariably show reasonably middle class intellectuals and professionals with whom the American viewer can identify—never the arsonists, the bus bombers and the throwers of Molotov cocktails. The occasional Israeli spokesman that gets trotted out is almost always a member of the radical left or of the so-called "Peace Now" movement, quite unrepresentative of mainline Israeli thinking.

The media do not give the "intifada" fair coverage. It's partly the sheer volume of the coverage, which gives this minor regional conflict perceived importance that it doesn't have. It also lies in the persistent anti-Israel slant that permeates the reporting in all media. Finally, the media, almost without exception, focus on the immediate "drama" and do not explore the history and background of this conflict. The most important point, always omitted, is that the conflict between Israel and the "Palestinians" is not the core problem in the area. The core problem is the unremitting obsession of the Arab states to destroy Israel, their refusal to make peace with it, or to lift the economic boycott against Israel—regardless of what disposition may ultimately be made of the "West Bank." Israel, more even than other beleaguered pro-Western nations, is the target of disinformation and unfair reporting. Largely because it is a dependable friend and ally of the United States, the Jewish state is another victim of the "blame America first" bias in the media.

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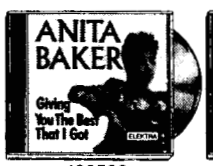

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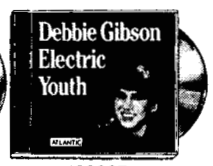

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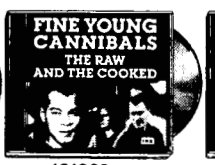

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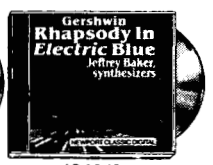

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• May passed and so did the Hon. Tony Coelho (D-California) and House Speaker Jim Wright (D-Texas)—both of whom were vigorously examined long ago in the pages of this easy-to-read literary review[1] and adjudged preposterous. If there be any doubts about that judgment, skeptics are directed to the Hon. Coelho's *adios* statement to bemused editors of the *New York Times*, wherein the dolt interred the first person singular seventy times for an average of 1.1 per sentence, adding this occult declamation: "I've always said I have a tremendous amount of inner peace. I do. I've developed inner peace as the result of a tremendous struggle. No one can take my inner peace from me." Official Washington promptly commenced to bawl about the imminent departure of this weird bedlamite and about the possibility that others may be departing soon, but do not think that they were not forewarned. *The American Spectator*'s managing editor, Mr. Wladyslaw Pleszczynski, adumbrated Mr. Coelho's fate as long ago as April 27. On that day in the *Wall Street Journal*, Mr. Pleszczynski notified the public that "the best thing" to occur in the first 100 days of the Bush Administration was the shift of media scrutiny from the presidency to Congress, and then added: "Tony Coelho, watch out. You're next!"

• In more *American Spectator* news, the campaign to raise former President Ronald Reagan's visage to Mount Rushmore is progressing *allegro con moto*, with support for the project resounding throughout a grateful Republic. The project has boiled the blood of the so-called Liberals who had hoped that the 1980s could be erased from memory and that maybe President George Bush could be persuaded to adopt the statecraft of Governor Michael Dukakis, Mr. Walter Mondale, or President Jimmy Carter, those being the recent giants of the Democratic genius. But now the campaign to add the genial visage of former President Reagan to Mount Rushmore is reminding America that there was an alternative to Jimmy Carter and, come to think of it, to the bankrupting of Massachusetts. The only damper on our campaign came early in May when one of the U.S. Army's Golden Knights suffered injury during a parachute landing on the Mount Rushmore Visitor Center. The visitor center on President Reagan's head will be more comfortable.

• Advocates of benightedness and general hysteria were greatly heartened when it was reported that the *Nation*, the 124-year-old left-wing weekly, had reached a contract settlement with the Newspaper Guild, assuring the magazine's employees an annual six percent pay increase for three years, presumably along with continued access to the magazine's herb garden and its Stanford University-trained juju adept. Incidentally, when the *Nation* was founded it was a Republican journal! Paraguayans elected General Andres Rodrigues president, and the first phase of a partial Soviet troop withdrawal from Eastern Europe was marred when one of the departing tanks crushed a dove under its tracks. The dove had been released as a demonstration of peace by the Hungarian-born Italian M.P., Ilona Staller, better known as porn artiste "Cicciolina." Miss Staller was unhurt and fully clothed. A retired English policeman had to run for his life after stopping to assist a rare red-crested pochard that crashed unprovoked into his automobile, causing nearly $200 of damage. According to Mr. Paul Corney, no sooner had he stepped from his car than he noticed "a crowd of furious bird-watchers" advancing on him and waving their dread binoculars. Progressives were exultant over reports that Dr. Edward A. Wasserman, a professor of psychology at the University of Iowa, had trained eight pigeons to recognize human facial expressions, thus upsetting long-held notions that only humans have sufficiently sophisticated nervous systems for such discernment and putting any of the eight birds in line to replace U.S. District Judge Gerhard Gesell upon his retirement or removal from the bench.

• On May 4 Mr. Ollie North was found guilty on three charges issuing from the Iran-contra imbroglio, though by the end of the month only one of the jurors, 35-year-old Miss Tara King, had admitted to substance abuse. According to Miss King, she maintained a weekly cocaine habit before becoming a regular on Judge Gesell's jury. There is renewed controversy over the product of Mr. Andres Serrano's kidneys. Apparently the incontinent Mr. Serrano, while posing as an artist, hoodwinked federal art boobs into giving him government monies for photographing a crucifix submerged in a jar of his own urine, and Christians are irked—which is okay, but Muslims better not get wind of Mr. Serrano's profanation; Islam views Christ as a very worthy prophet, and blasphemy as without artistic merit. In California, the Chula Vista Police Department continues to harass Mr. Richard Preclaro Vega, 27. This time they jugged him for lying by a roadside, covered with fake blood and wearing only a leopard-skin loincloth. Mr. Vega explained that he was actually Tarzan and had been bitten by a snake while in a tree canoodling with Jane—but the cops would have none of it. He was cited for being under the influence of PCP and released on his own recognizance.

• One month after *The American Spectator*'s exposé, Surgeon General C. Everett Koop announced his resignation, effective July 13. Other personalities in the news included Miss Danette Arrington, the drill team instructor at Houston's Northbrook Senior High School. She has been reprimanded for allegedly baring her breasts to female students to demonstrate the results of "augmentation surgery" and may face dismissal. Dr. Scott Corder, the idealistic family practitioner from Ottawa, Kansas, had his license suspended by the Kansas State Board of Healing Arts after board members became alarmed by his beliefs that those extraterrestrial creatures he has spotted traveling through the galaxies are actually angels, and that a woman in Russell, Kansas, is in constant communication with Saint Peter, who has notified her of the likelihood of an earthquake in the Kansas City area sometime this summer. In Gallatin, Tennessee, Miss Wanda Huff, 51, filed assault charges against the bluegrass virtuoso Mr. Bill Monroe for, in her own words, hitting her "right in the mouth" with the Bible. And in Jackson, Mississippi, the Mississippi Christian Knights of the Ku Klux Klan on May 12 defrocked Mr. Jordan Gollub of Poplarville, theretofore their leader, after the galoots discovered that Mr. Gollub is Jewish. According to Mr. Gollub, he was booted because his colleagues disapprove of his "background and the fact that I'm against Catholics joining the Klan." While appearing on a London television program, Mr. Yusuf Islam, formerly the pop warbler known as Mr. Cat Stevens, eschewed an effigial burning of the author Mr. Salman Rushdie, saying, "I would have hoped that it'd be the real thing." Remarked Mr. Craig R. Whitney in the May 23 *New York Times*, the statements by Mr. Islam and other participants on the program "demonstrate how divided British liberal intellectuals remain over the affair."

• China was alive with protests throughout the month despite the soothing presence of Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev, who renewed diplomatic relations with Peking. Peruvian police arrested Sr. Juan Cordova and Sr. José Guzman for laundering and reselling used condoms. In Goaljoi, India, Miss Sonamoni Kisku was dragged from her hut and axed to death by neighbors who suspected her of being a witch. In San Antonio, Texas, an Air Force woman who insists that she is a witch has been granted permission to observe her faith's eight holidays, including Halloween. Islamic executioners stoned to death eleven women of the night and their business managers, and in Belfast, Northern Ireland, a row has broken out over a government plan to erect a statue of two prostitutes to commemorate the city's red-light district. Canadians were shaken by a government report that they accumulate more garbage per person than the citizenry of any other leading industrial country. In Malmo, Sweden, a lady, who remains anonymous, was trapped for forty-eight hours after her deck chair enfolded her.

• Mr. Joe Valdez Caballero, creator of the "crisp taco shell," died in Dallas, Texas. Mr. Paskey Dedomenico, the Rice-a-Roni king, passed on in Seattle, Washington; and Mrs. Roseann Grecco of West Islip, New York, has been sentenced to prison for repeatedly running her automobile over her supine husband, though she still protests that he was possessed by Mickey Mouse. In

[1]See "The Stuff on Wright," by Terence P. Jeffrey, *TAS*, August 1988, and "The Big Fix," by James Ring Adams, *TAS*, March 1989.

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Johannesburg, South Africa, Mr. Danie du Toit, 49, had no sooner addressed the local Toastmasters Club, enjoining listeners to enjoy life to the fullest as death can come at any time, than he sat down and died. Finally, May could well mark the beginning of a consumerist rebellion against surgical sex changes. Christine Jorgensen, one of the first surgically revised women, died at age 62, nearly seventeen years under the average life expectancy for an American female. Miss Karen Ulane, the former Eastern Airlines pilot who had been discharged by the company for her sex change, died at 48. And Mr. Jeffrey Luiz, 23, led a protest demonstration in New York City against Blue Cross/Blue Shield because the insurer has stopped paying his sex-change bills halfway through the process, leaving him, however, as a very promising candidate for *Ms.* magazine's Person of the Year award. *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Planned Free Enterprise

"A little noticed but profound change in the relationship between government and business is taking shape," writes Irwin M. Stelzer in his article "Corporatism Ousts Reaganomics" (*TAS*, May 1989). The change, it seems, is a "trend" away from market capitalism and toward corporatism.

Unfortunately for Mr. Stelzer's analysis, this "trend" has actually enjoyed a long and often constructive history in our country. True, thanks to the likes of FDR and LBJ, American businesses today are burdened by federal regulations that cause waste and inefficiency. On the other hand, the occasional cooperation between government and business during the last two centuries has helped lead to some great American economic successes.

A brief look at our history shows that, early on, government was involved in promoting trade and mobilizing capital and labor for public enterprises. For instance:

- In our first decades, Congress developed a system of national protective tariffs (not something I favor today); laid the foundation for a federal patent system; and authorized cash subsidies for maritime interests.
- As the country expanded geographically, state and federal funds were needed for the construction of our first highways and canals, allowing for further economic expansion.
- During and after the Civil War, federal funding made the American railroad system possible, since no private companies had the enormous financial clout necessary. The railroad, in turn, gave this continent a common economic market, long before the Europeans attempted one.

Mr. Stelzer even goes as far as to say that our government's entry in the race for high definition television, superconductivity, and so on, is nothing more than the inception of a planned economy. His time would be more wisely spent training his focus on our nation's federal tax code, an obvious case of de facto industrial policy if ever there was one.

Today's free enterprise system would work better if the U.S. government removed the regulatory obstacles from its path. But this may or may not improve the competitiveness of American firms abroad. They face some stiff competition in the global marketplace, from businesses that receive support from governments willing to use direct subsidies, trade barriers, tax loopholes, and flexible antitrust laws.

In the final analysis, Mr. Stelzer is right about one thing: economic decisions in this country should remain the prerogative of American entrepreneurs and businessmen. But let's not rule out the benefits that a little government support can offer in some important areas. *—Stephen V. Gold*
Oakton, Virginia

Irwin M. Stelzer replies:

My disagreements with Mr. Gold are few. Clearly, there are areas in which government activity is necessary, such as the establishment of a patent system to protect property rights. But equally clearly, it is important to avoid inefficient expansion of those areas. Mr. Gold, for example, cites with apparent approval "cash subsidies for maritime interests." These have only served to make intra-U.S. ocean shipments excessively costly and to channel taxpayers' funds into the pockets of a few union members.

And I can't agree that subsidies and "flexible antitrust laws," i.e., replacement of competition by cartels, will enhance American competitiveness. In the long run, competition between suppliers results in lower costs and keener rivalry to innovate. Surely, that is the more enduring path to the development of products that can compete in the world's marketplace.

Unshrinking AIDS

Michael Fumento got a few things right in his article "The Incredible Shrinking AIDS Epidemic" (*TAS*, May 1989). For example, it is clearly ridiculous to assume that an epidemic can remain indefinitely in its exponential growth phase. Eventually, it has to level off. But unfortunately, the endpoint may be the death of all susceptible individuals in the population at risk. Fumento notes that the rate of *new* infections among homosexuals in major cities is now between zero and four percent. He finds that very encouraging, but unaccountably fails to comment on the fact that the total infection rate in that population may be higher than 50 percent.

Outside the high-risk groups, the disease spreads much more slowly. But there is no evidence that the epidemic is "shrinking," and the statistics are not cause for complacency. Between October 1987 and March 1988, the rate of seropositivity in civilian applicants for military service was 0.12 percent or 1.2 per 1,000, not "0.02 percent or less, or 1 in 5,000," as Fumento states. In men between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-nine, the rate was 3.8 per 1,000. At what point will he start to worry?

The problem with all projections of this epidemic is that they are based on assumptions and sadly insufficient data. But if the CDC's totals are too high one year, the cases they predict may yet occur, just a little later.

Fumento ought not restrict his vision to New York and San Francisco. In Africa, the situation with heterosexual spread is truly alarming. In the southwest provincial capital of Masaka, Uganda, 30 percent of the adult population tests positive. Productivity in the mines in the "copper belt" of central Africa is down substantially; expatriates are refusing to work there because of the widespread disease in the mining camps. Some argue that Africa is different. But the most important difference may be the time elapsed since the appearance of the disease.

We know that sexually transmitted diseases can reach very high levels in the general population, even in the U.S. Human papilloma virus (the cause of genital warts and of cancer of the cervix) and chlamydia (a cause of pelvic inflammatory disease leading to infertility) already afflict 30 percent or more of sexually active women in some areas. So AIDS transmission is "extremely inefficient"? In one study, 82 percent of spouses of infected persons converted their blood tests in less than two years of continued, unprotected marital relations. In the same study, 17 percent of those who used condoms converted, and none of those who abstained. Other studies have shown lower rates of conversion. Would Fumento like to bet his life on which percentage is correct?

The time for containing an epidemic is in its early stages. If we want to prevent sickness and death, rather than conducting an experiment to test Fumento's hypothesis, then rational fear, not wishful thinking, is clearly indicated.

—Jane M. Orient, M.D.
Tucson, Arizona

Michael Fumento's article contains some thoughtful insights into the motivations of those who have transformed the epidemic of HIV infection into a contentious political issue. While Fumento's treatment of the political gamesmanship that accompanies attempts to estimate the epidemic's scale is sobering, he is wrong to conclude that "estimates of the size of the AIDS epidemic are proving to be grossly exaggerated." A more accurate statement, I believe, is that for political reasons federal, state, and local health officials have denied themselves the information necessary to answer many of the questions raised by Fumento.

Is the epidemic really shrinking? I hope Mr. Fumento's assessment is correct. Unfortunately, it now appears that CDC has missed significant pockets of infection in the inner cities, especially among minority women, their newborn children, and the drug-free partners of intravenous drug users. While it is impossible to know exactly how many HIV positive individuals escape CDC's notice, some recent studies indicate that the underreporting is extensive.

For example, the Citizens' Committee for Children obtained the CDC's estimate of the pediatric AIDS caseload in New York City for 1988 and contrasted it with the results of its own survey of 20 of the 48 pediatric units in New York City. The results are frightening. According to CDC, New York City hospitals handled a total of 134 pediatric AIDS cases in 1988. The Citizens' Committee survey, however, found that less than half of those hospitals reported more than six times as many cases, a total of 828 children who received treatment for CDC-defined AIDS or clinically apparent HIV infection.

The Citizens' Committee survey supports the findings of other researchers. Dr. Rand L. Stoneburner reviewed the

(continued on page 48)

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EDITORIALS

THE DEATH OF RADICALISM

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Colossal ironies are upon us. On the faculties of American universities and in the newsrooms of American media, middle-aged nostalgiacs of 1960s radicalism preserve the poetry and legends of their good old days at the barricades: fists clenched, marijuana fumes wafting heavenward, mom and dad standing by the telephone to send bail money if the need arrives. Meanwhile, today, in the streets of Peking and the Soviet Empire the youth of the present bellow hopes and dreams very similar to those of an American Boy Scout. Though America's entertainment tycoons inflict upon us 1960s soap opera, those who observe events worldwide will note that post-World War II radicalism is dead.

Its death began in the late 1970s in Paris, where in cafes and lyceums Jean Paul Sartre was increasingly seen as an embarrassing fuddy-duddy and Dr. Marx as a dangerous crank. What really put the kabosh to radicalism, however, was the economic performance of Ronald Reagan's America and of Margaret Thatcher's Britain. By the middle 1980s, democratic capitalism was rousing the interests of the concerned citizenry in such diverse socialist redoubts as Angola, India, and New Zealand. The infernal capitalist mysteries were even piercing the Iron and Bamboo curtains. In 1985, Italy's socialist prime minister, Bettino Craxi, observed that the success of the Reagan Administration's economic policies should "make not only Italy but the whole of Europe think."

This spring's demonstrations have put me in mind of a passage from Martin Anderson's informative memoir of his years in the Reagan Administration, duly titled *Revolution*. "The 1980s," this longtime Reagan adviser writes, "has been a decade of stunning change. The world is now in the midst of a profound intellectual and political revolution that may rival in scope and importance the transition from the Dark Ages to the Enlightenment." Well, possibly—in Australia the socialist Labor party is moving toward Reaganism, and even Britain's Labour party now extols the magic of the tax-cut. Short of Communism, I can think of no philosophical system more akin to the Dark Ages than that of these Anglo socialists.

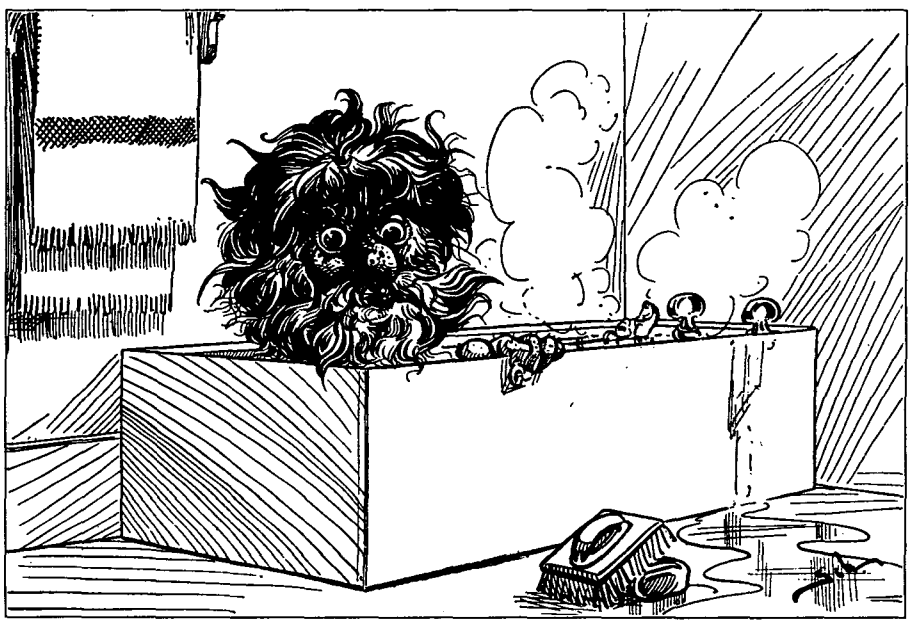
Yet as to democratic capitalism's capacity to capture hearts and minds as socialism once did, I hereby file a caveat. Democratic capitalism addresses itself to material concerns. Socialism addresses itself to the imagination, the spirit, mankind's lust for drama. The capitalist provides widgets in abundance and at a good price. The socialist puts on a good show and could not care less how his countrymen's widgets came into being. The socialist shares the Roman emperor's insight that what the public really needs is bread and circuses.

Over the years parties of the left have done a superb job of providing expensive bread and magnificent circuses. Socialism is in fact one of the longest-playing religious soap operas in history, with bankers and bosses enslaving and impoverishing the rest of us, compassion and sweetness struggling against greed and brute force, good against evil. The socialists have known how to dramatize. Can the democratic capitalists do the same in the years ahead?

I doubt it. Providing cheap goods in abundance is a full-time job. It takes all one's energy and imagination. Little time is left to create the stirring myths, the heinous scoundrels, the exploited victims of greed and oppression that enliven socialist campaign oratory. Which brings up another point, namely: practically every utterance of the person of the left is campaign oratory. The left campaigns ceaselessly, transforming every aspect of life into politics. A Mrs. Thatcher or a Ronald Reagan calls it quits at the end of the day—not so their opponents.

But the major reason the fever for democratic capitalism cannot totally supplant the socialism it has overthrown is that democratic capitalism does not stir the human heart or appease its longings. Today's rising capitalists and democrats, if they are to make society tolerable, will need the assistance of artists, the reverend clergy, and, I suppose, the shrinks. These are today's expert soothers of the troubled heart. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



MAYOR JESSE

You will forgive me. Notwithstanding my otherwise low opinion of him, the Rev. Jesse Jackson does not strike me as being quite as stupid as his analysts in the press corps presume him to be. I mean, as orators go, he is a mere intoner of jingles. As a presidential thinker, he ranks slightly higher than the Abby of Dear Abby. But surely Jesse knows that if he were to become mayor of Washington he would still have all the rights and privileges of a United States citizen.

The pundits in the press corps act as though he would not. They say that if he entered the 1990 mayoral race in Washington, as he has recently suggested he might, he could not run for President in 1992. Why, they do not explain. But in their we-know-what's-best-for-Jesse mode they do explain why entering the 1990 mayoral race is best for him.

As mayor, the pundits assert, Jesse will gain immense prestige throughout the land. And by overseeing the District's $4-billion-a-year budget and 48,000 government employees he will be able to demonstrate management skills heretofore in doubt. By winning the mayoral race he will demonstrate that he is capable of winning national election. Then with this extraordinary record behind him he will be prepared to accept the presidential nomination of a grateful Democratic party sometime after 1992. Oh, and there is one more balmy benefit accruing from the Rev. Jackson's decision to become Washington's mayor—to wit: his absence from the 1992 presidential race means a Democratic nomination free, as columnist David Broder tells us, "from the divisive internal battles that have hobbled their nominees in every year since 1976." Ah, wouldn't it be pretty to think so.

But how stupid do these pundits think Jesse is? Or viewed from a slightly different perspective, how stupid are they? There is no reason that the mayor of Washington should not run for the presidency of the United States in 1992 or in any other year. What is more,

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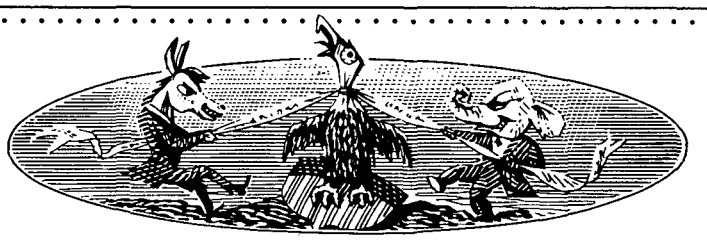
there is no reason to think a Democratic nominating process free of the Rev. Jackson would be free of "internal battles." The fragmentation of the Democratic party preceded Jackson and will continue in 1992, no matter the good preacher's whereabouts.

Actually the mayor's office of the District of Columbia would be a splendid launching pad for a presidential quest. It is an ideal town in which to make national headlines, and as mayor of the capital of the United States a headline creator of Jesse's prodigious virility could make headlines worldwide and every day. To be sure, Washington is in worse shape than any city its size in America, but why should that hurt Jesse? The place could continue to go to seed for years to come and Jesse could with the utmost plausibility blame it all on the present buffoonish municipal administration or on Congress or on racism or on sunspots. Jesse has never had to bear responsibility for anything he has ever said or done. Why should he suddenly be held responsible as mayor of Washington?

Finally, it is very curious to hear the pundits announcing that a Jesse-free Democratic presidential race in 1992 would also be free of "divisive internal battles." This divisiveness dates back at least to the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago. It is caused not by one stupendous rabblerouser named Jackson but by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of rabblerousers, all dependent on one or another of the various incompatible zealotries that compose the crazy-quilt tapestry of the modern Democratic party.

The party has been fragmented for years. No one candidate can gain the Democratic nomination without paying obeisance to each shrieking interest group. The result is a Democratic nominee who is vaguely distasteful to ordinary American voters. Until the party zealots pipe down and the party itself adopts some grand and persuasive unifying themes, the Democrats are going to have a very hard time of it capturing the White House. What is most curious is that the Democratic partisans in the press and elsewhere do not face up to the true condition of their party. For nearly a decade they have denied the obvious, which is yet another reason that they lose presidential elections. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



THE MEXICAN KLEPTOCRACY

by Tom Bethell

Those who worry about the integrity of our southern border rarely pay attention to the economic conditions in Mexico. They ought to. The wave of Mexican migration is a recent phenomenon, beginning only in the 1970s. Few expressed concern about the (mostly) unguarded Mexican border in the 1960s. In the 1940s and '50s we actively encouraged temporary Mexican agricultural workers to come north. The point is that something changed down there, relatively recently. What was it?

It is a drastic thing for a man to leave his wife, family, and home; to travel hundreds of miles to a strange land where he does not speak the language, there to engage in manual or menial labor; all the while running the risk that he will be arrested, imprisoned, turned back empty-handed, reduced to thumbing rides and trudging miles down dusty roads. When hundreds of thousands do it, there is something seriously amiss.

The Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), which tirelessly lobbies for more restrictive immigration, has misconstrued this human migration. It attributes it to a population growth that has outstripped the capacity of the Mexican economy to provide sufficient jobs. But this is not the real cause at all. As FAIR's own immigration report pointed out in May, there is now actually a labor shortage in Hong Kong, with 5.6 million people living in an area one-third the size of Rhode Island. And in the "Maqiladora" zone of Mexico itself, where foreign companies are permitted to run factories comparatively free of interference by the Mexican government (parts are assembled into finished goods and then shipped north across the border), there is also a labor shortage. (This shortage arises because transportation to the factories and living quarters near them are hard to find; Mexico's government–trade union complex will not permit the necessary free market construction and transportation to fill the need.)

Mark Krikorian at FAIR told me that economic reform was indeed the "long run solution" for Mexico, but—"in the long run we are all dead." Meanwhile, we will continue to be overrun by the Mexican millions. This too is wrong. The "economy" of a country should not be thought of as analogous to physical machinery, or to a hotel or an ocean liner: something that can be utilized only when its construction is complete. It should be thought of as a set of rules whose effect ideally is to encourage those within their jurisdiction to work hard. The rules would achieve this by enabling people individually to reap the fruits of their own labor and to experience the consequences of their own idleness.

The shorthand phrase for such rules is "private property rights." When enforced, they encourage people to behave responsibly. Without them, there can be no economic justice. Broadly speaking, the U.S. does have such rules (although liberals constantly try to undermine them); Mexico does not.

If such rules were instituted south of the border, Mexicans would almost immediately stop coming to the United States. The timespan for such a transformation, then, is not the time required to construct a new economy (thought of as a material entity) but the time it takes for the government to enact new laws. (It could be argued that an additional period of a year or two may be needed to convince an understandably skeptical populace that its politicians really do intend to abide by the new rules.)

The real reason why there has been a massive emigration from Mexico is that, beginning with the leftist presidency of Luis Echeverria (1970-76), and continuing with the kleptocracy of José Lopez Portillo (1976-82), there has been a marked increase in the socialization of life in Mexico. This followed a period (1940-65) of comparative stability in the country. Since then, private property has become less secure; the official taste for expropriating it has increased; coercion and bribery have more and more displaced contract and law; the government itself has become increasingly lawless, its powers less clearly defined or subject to external restraint.

There was no discernible improvement in the administration of President Miguel de la Madrid (1982-88), whose term saw the standard of living drop by 40 percent, and the number of pesos needed to purchase a dollar increase from 150 to 2,250. It may be true, as was pointed out by the *Wall Street Journal*'s editor and optimistic Mexico-watcher, Robert Bartley, that de la Madrid was "the first Mexican president in two decades to leave office with the hope that, when history has time to judge, his reputation will rise." Unlike his predecessor, de la Madrid did not find it necessary to go into European hiding with his loot. The problem is that little in the way of institutional change took place under de la Madrid, who in fact boasted that in his term Mexico had maintained "its basic institutions." But these need to be dismantled. As the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out in an editorial two years earlier, "the big mistakes of the past—bank nationalization, oil nationalization and the *ejido* system of land tenure—have been too big to tackle."

The *ejido* system, incidentally, is one of Mexico's worst features. Groups of families nominally "own" land in common, but cannot sell or rent their separate shares. "In most cases a collective *ejido* pays the same wage to each of its members," Paul Lamartine Yates wrote in his excellent 1981 book, *Mexico's Agricultural Dilemma*. "Indeed, they are paid whether there is any work for them to do or not, and whether the *ejido* has any income or not, as has happened in some of the *ejidos* of the south east. The system, however, provokes discontent. Those who work

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hard perceive that their efforts merely benefit the lazy. . . . A cooperative cannot dismiss one of its members; and if the hardworking members perceive one or two expending much less effort but still drawing their shares of the profits, the morale of the cooperative sinks."

Very similar words were used by Governor William Bradford to describe Plymouth Colony in 1623. Originally a collective, it was privatized that year, each family receiving "a parcel of land." This had "very good success, for it made all hands very industrious," Bradford wrote. Communal property, on the other hand, bred "much discontent . . . for the young men that were most able and fit for labour and service, did repine that they should spend their time and strength to work for other men's wives."

The *Mayflower* settlers privatized after two-and-a-half years. The Mexican *ejido* has persisted for seventy-four, with ever-increasing turmoil and endless expropriation. Luis Pazos, the outstanding writer on political economy in Mexico, notes that "between 1915 and 1988 more than six times the country's total arable land was 'redistributed.'" Today Mexico spends $2.5 billion importing food. The *ejido* is a system of rural welfare that both discourages people from working and yet ties them to the land. The cartoonist's stereotypical "lazy Mexican," sitting in the sun with a sombrero over his eyes, is merely behaving rationally given the incentives he faces.

American reporters in Mexico rarely tell us any of this. Too many journalists look no further than the meaningless statistical aggregates of the Treasury Department and the IMF. (Another $3.5 billion will have to be sent to Mexico this year, folks; but everything will be okay just so long as they get their deficit down another notch and shift the exchange rate once more.) Other journalists share the generally anti-American outlook of Mexican officialdom, and so are inclined to take an exculpatory attitude toward the country. (Alan Riding of the *New York Times* comes to mind.) Some journalism has been downright incredible, as when the *Times* found, one day after Portillo nationalized the Mexican banks, that "Takeover Pleases U.S. Banks." The effect of this expropriation was to permit the Mexican government to steal about one half the value of $12 billion in dollar-denominated deposits. Nonetheless, it was reported that "despite their philosophical commitment to private ownership, most American bankers applauded the nationalization as a much needed step to bolster international confidence in the Mexican banking system." Not one American banker was identified, but a Bank of America "spokesman," fortunately anonymous, was reported to say that "this is a positive step in that it puts the Mexican government clearly behind its banking system." Perhaps this explains, if nothing else does, why U.S. bankers cheerfully went on making loans to the Mexican government after the nation's banks had been expropriated.

Mexican news tends to be cyclical. First, there will be token admissions of error in Mexico City, accompanied by promises: Excesses will be curbed, reforms put in place. State companies will be privatized, inflation subdued, spending curtailed. Then, from our side of the border, will come a little editorial nudging: The stakes are high, the border exposed, drug traffickers wait in the wings, leftists may yet take over from the moderates . . . Better send them some more money then, right? And hurry up about it, loan officers! We wouldn't want them to default, would we? There follows a triumphal phase. Success! Twelve billion will be made available over the next three years. Now at last, it will be said, Mexico is on the road to recovery.

A period of silence ensues, while the lion digests the sacrificial kid. For a

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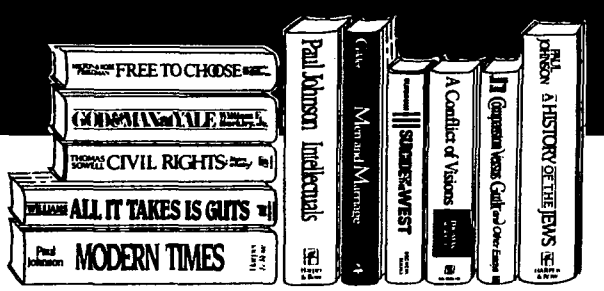

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while everything is peaceful. *Fortune*, perhaps, publishes an encouraging article. (For example, "Opportunity Knocks in Troubled Mexico," published one week before Portillo's bank raid.) Then, quite unexpectedly, we begin to hear growling noises from the lion's den. He's hungry again! (Didn't we just feed him? Must be some mistake . . .) Now what? With a little luck, Jesse Helms or someone on the right will come to the rescue with a spot of Mexico-bashing. (In the summer of 1986, Helms had the temerity to suggest that a Mexican presidential election had actually been *stolen*.) Tilt! Fire alarms ring triumphantly in the *New York Times* newsroom, and editorials, news stories, and op-ed pieces will be rushed into print. They will demand *an immediate end to Mexico-bashing*. We will be reminded how high are the stakes. This in turn will serve to remind Mexicans that their perennial sense of grievance about the U.S. is justified. Soon there will be renewed Mexican promises of reform, which is where we came in.

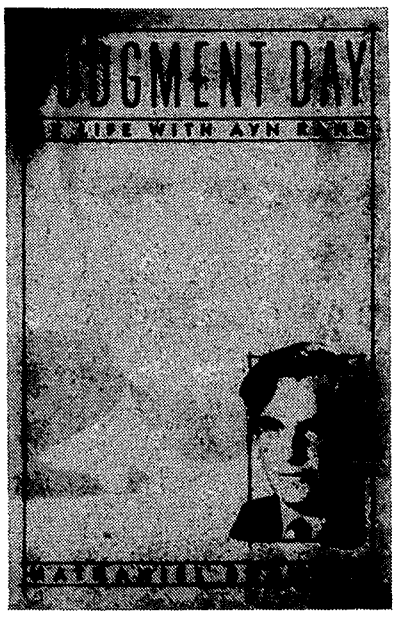
This is where we are in the cycle right now. The new man, Carlos Salinas, has been in office for six months. He brings with him a new, technocratic outlook. A Harvard man. Now at last the problems will be addressed. He's privatizing fast, we are told, selling off those bad old monopolies, arresting drug kings, stock manipulators, union bosses. Even as I write the bankers' arms are being twisted once again. They are being asked to reduce the Mexicans' interest bill by $4.5 billion a year. If the past is any guide they will go along (perhaps reassured by the prospect that taxpayers will make up the difference). The *Wall Street Journal* recently chimed in with an amazing editorial, possibly Machiavellian, suggesting that Mexico should be permitted to repay some of its debts in pesos—comparable to making the case for counterfeiting. But the effect can only have been to make American bankers more uneasy than ever.

Perhaps this time the Mexicans really will change, but my suspicion is that the old cycle will continue. The U.S. Treasury Secretary, Nicholas Brady, has made this more likely. In calling for debt reduction he can only have reinforced the Mexican tendency to believe that they are in the right and we in the wrong. Reform is painful and it will only happen when Mexico knows for sure the banks will be sending no more money. Only then will they have no choice but to give up their socialized kleptocracy and start creating more wealth than they consume.

Daniel James, the president of the Mexico-U.S. Institute in Washington, D.C., points out that "the arrest of lawless big shots by incoming Mexican presidents is nothing new." Miguel de la Madrid made arrests that were "downright spectacular" by comparison with Salinas, including jailing the head of Petroleos Mexicanos for five years. James reports that very few state firms really have been privatized. Most have simply been reorganized under different umbrellas. True, import barriers have been reduced. But as I write the government is staunching further capital flight with very high domestic interest payments that are not sustainable for more than a few months. Wage and price controls probably disguise continuing inflation. The free market value of the peso has declined by a further 10 percent since Salinas took office.

What's happening at the Mexican border? Here are the most recent U.S. Border Patrol apprehension figures: January: 61,175. February: 54,016. March: 74,501. April: 80,300. These figures are lower than they have been in recent years—about the same as they were in 1982; not terribly encouraging given the 1986 enactment of sanctions against U.S. employers who hire illegal aliens. □

After 21 years, Nathaniel Branden tells the story of his years with Ayn Rand.



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- You'll read Branden's portrayal of Ayn Rand as a brilliant, innovative thinker and at the same time "an exalted and tortured woman."
- He writes later, "What is obvious to me today and was not obvious to me then was that if Ayn was a genius at reasoning, she was no less a genius at rationalizing."
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P. J. O'Rourke

A CALL FOR A NEW McCARTHYISM

Why should the likes of Alexander Cockburn be allowed to remain in America?

Our era is supposed to be the 1950s all over again. Indeed, we are experiencing anew many of the pleasures and benefits of that excellent decade: a salubrious prudery, a sensible avariciousness, a healthy dose of social conformity, a much-needed narrowing of minds, and a return to common-sense American political troglodytism. But there's one delightful and entertaining feature of the Eisenhower years which is wholly absent from the contemporary scene—old-fashioned redbaiting. Where's our McCarthyism? Who's our Tailgunner Joe? Why don't we get to look for Communists under our beds or—considering the social changes of the past thirty-five years—*in* them? ("Good night, Honey, and are you now or have you ever been a member of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador?")

God knows the problem is not a lack of Commies. There are more fuzzy-minded one-worlders, pasty-faced peace creeps, and bleeding-heart bed-wetters in America now than there ever were in 1954. The redskis have infiltrated the all-important exercise video industry, not to mention movies and TV. Academia, too, is a veritable compost heap of Bolshie brain-mulch. Beardo the Weirdo may have been laughed out of real life during the 1970s, but he found a home in our nation's colleges where he whiles away the wait for Woodstock Nation II by pestering undergraduates with collectivist twaddle when they should be thinking about better car stereos. And fellow travelers in the State Department? Jeez, the situation is so bad at Foggy Bottom that we'd better *hope* it's caused by spies. If it's stupidity, we're really in trouble.

P. J. O'Rourke, investigative humorist for Rolling Stone, *is author of* Republican Party Reptile *and* Holidays in Hell, *both published by Atlantic Monthly Press.*

So how come the HUAC staff isn't returning my phone calls? Who's keeping *I Led Three Lives* from being remade starring Tom Selleck and Arnold Schwarzenegger? And why aren't we making sure that that Fidel-snuggler Ron Dellums never works again? Whoops, we already did that. We elected him to Congress. And come to think of it, there are other problems with an up-to-date nineties-style witch-hunt. For one thing, it's no use going after real, card-carrying Communists anymore. Hard-core party *apparatchiks* are already being persecuted by organizations more brutally efficient than anything we've got in the U.S., organizations such as the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the People's Republic of China. Plus, accusing somebody of being a "comsymp" just isn't the same since Gorbachev began his three-hankie perestroika performance. Even Margaret Thatcher says she sympathizes with Ole Splotch-Top. And when it comes to the International Communist Conspiracy to Enslave Europe, Asia, and the Third World—well, somebody's got to do *something* with those people. Good luck to the Patrice Lumumba University Class of '89.

No, a modern McCarthyism is going to have to concentrate on other things besides the Big Lie and the Red Menace. In fact, if we examine even a brief selection of people who should be tarred and feathered and run out of town on a rail (or, to be more contemporary, oat branned and goose downed and jogged out of the condominium complex on an exercise track), we see that they are not necessarily Marxist or even socialist in their thinking because that would presuppose thinking in the first place. Nobody is ever going to accuse us of being *thought* police for going after the likes of Kris Kristofferson, Phil Donahue, Marlo Thomas, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Yoko Ono, Dave Dellinger, Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream, the World Council of Churches, Ed Asner, Michelle Shocked, Lenora Fulani, Robert Redford, and people who think quartz crystals cure herpes.

The distinguishing feature of this cluster of dunces is not subversion but silliness. If we hope to wreck careers, destroy reputations, and drive holistic Ortega fans into exile in Sausalito and Amherst, we're going to need tactics very different from those used by Roy Cohn, Bobby Kennedy, and the distinguished senator from the great state famous for its La Follette and cheese. A "blacklist" will never work. Put some Sandalista on your blacklist and you probably guarantee him a MacArthur Genius Grant and a seat on the ACLU national board of directors. But maybe we can tear a page from the *Très Riches Heures* of Tipper Gore and insist upon a rating system for music, film, television, and the *Boston Globe* editorial page. A warning would have to be prominently displayed: "OH-OH, A PERSON INVOLVED WITH THIS UNAPPEALING ITEM OF MASS COMMUNICATION HOLDS SILLY OPINIONS ON MATTERS ABOUT WHICH HE OR SHE IS LARGELY OR ABYSMALLY UNINFORMED." There'd be three ratings:

S = Silly
VS = Very Silly
SML = Shirley MacLaine

Thus a rerun of "M★A★S★H" featuring Alan Alda would get an "S" rating. Any public pronouncement by a member of the innumerable Phoenix family, such as River, Leaf, Summer, Stump, Ditch, or Pond Scum Phoenix, would get a "VS" rating. And the next Tracy Chapman album will get an "SML" with oak leaf cluster.

No, this isn't going to work either. You can't shame or humiliate modern

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celebrities. What used to be called shame and humiliation is now called publicity. And forget traditional character assassination. If you say a modern celebrity is an adulterer, a pervert, and a drug addict, all it means is that you've read his autobiography.

We have to come up with more clever ways to ruin these people. Perhaps we can spread rumors that they performed in South Africa. I was in South Africa myself a few years ago, and I'm almost certain that was Jessica Mitford singing back-up for Frank Sinatra at Sun City. Or perhaps we can direct the wrath of the remarkably terrifying animal rights activists against them. I'm going to write a letter to People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals about how Susan Sontag allows her ideas to be tried on innocent laboratory rabbits before humans are exposed to them. (As for the animal rights activists, we can turn some animals loose on them later.)

But the worst punishment for dupes, pink-wieners, and dialectical immaterialists might be a kind of reverse blacklist. We don't prevent them from writing, speaking, performing, and otherwise being their usual nuisance selves. Instead, we hang on their every word, beg them to work, drag them onto all available TV and radio chat shows, and write hundreds of fawning newspaper and magazine articles about their wonderful swellness. In other words, we subject them to the monstrous, gross, and irreversible late twentieth-century phenomenon of Media Over-Exposure so that a surfeited public rebels in disgust. This is the Burt Reynolds/Loni Anderson treatment, and, for condemning people to obscurity, it beats the Smith Act hollow.

Anyway, I'm sure we'll find some way to chastise these buggers of sense, to bully, torment, harry them, and generally make a workers' paradise of their lives. In the meantime, the fun part of McCarthyism is, as it always was, *writing out the enemies list.* Heh-heh:

Sting
Gore Vidal
The Institute for Policy Studies
Tom Hayden (Hope you don't give Jane your ideals in the divorce settlement, Tom.)
Victor Navasky
Angela Davis
William Sloane Coffin
Noam Chomsky
Abbie Hoffman (I guess we can cross him off; he was on God's list.)
Ralph Nader
Anthony Lewis
William "The Client Is Obviously Guilty" Kunstler
Jackson Browne
Allen Ginsberg
Norman Lear
Meryl Streep
Peter, Paul and Mary (Yes, they're still alive.)
The Christic Institute
Common Cause
Center for Constitutional Rights
Anybody whose last name is Cockburn
Anybody who inherited so much money and so little sense that her last name might become Cockburn
Cockburn Wannabe Christopher Hitchens (Who's checking the Green Cards around here?)

If you say a modern celebrity is an adulterer, a pervert, and a drug addict, all it means is that you've read his autobiography.

The Order of Maryknoll Nuns
Amy Carter
Susan Sarandon
The Redgrave family
Patty Duke
Casey Kasem
Daniel and Philip Berrigan (Yes, *they're* still alive, too.)
Mike Farrell
Tikkun
The Progressive
Paul Weyrich
Kevin Phillips
Barbara Walters
Richard Cohen
Bryant Gumbel
Al Hunt
David Broder
The New York Review of Books
The New York Times Book Review
That poor man's Walt Kelly, Garry Trudeau
That poor man's Garry Trudeau, Berke Breathed
Herblock
Managua's Herblock, Paul Conrad
Manhattan's Borough President, David Dinkins
The National Resource Defense Council
Lawyers Guild
The D.C. Statehood Party
Mayor of Burlington, Vermont, Peter Clavelle
The Berkeley City Council
Berkeley
Mother Jones
The Nation
The Village Voice
Any organization with "Peace" in its name
Donald Trump (Okay, so he's not a real pinko, but I don't like him. And if McCarthyism isn't good for settling grudges, what is it good for?)
The English Department at Duke
The Law School at Harvard
The Liberal Arts Faculty at Stanford
Any educator using the term "Eurocentric" (While we're at it, let's reintroduce corporal punishment in the schools—and use it on the teachers.)
Salman Rushdie (Kick 'em when they're down is what I say.)
Martin Sheen
Charlie Sheen
The rest of the Sheen family plus Rob Lowe, Judd Nelson, Demi Moore, Molly Ringwald, and all the other Brat Pack members (Which brings to mind another idea for a modified blacklist—this list would *require* left-wingers to write movie scripts, but only for Brat Pack movies.)

And let's not forget that most subversive of all organizations in America, the American government:

Sen. Tom Harkin (D. IA)
Sen. John Kerry (D. MA)
Sen. Barbara Mikulski (D. MD)
Rep. Pete Stark (D. CA)
Rep. Barbara Boxer (D. CA)
Rep. Ed Markey (D. MA)
Rep. Gerry Studds (D. MA)
Rep. Ted Weiss (D. NY)
Rep. Gus Savage (D. IL)

And from Michigan—an improbable place to find a nest of jacobin no-goodniks—these Not-The-Reagan-Democrats:

Rep. George Crockett
Rep. David Bonior
Rep. John Conyers

And that's just a beginning. *TAS* readers are invited to submit their own suggestions—and lots of them. As a matter of fact, it's your patriotic duty to do so. Let's make this a bloodbath—well, a phlegm and bile bath anyway. (The address: **The New Enemies List,** c/o *TAS*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210.)

Maybe we can reconquer our body politic. Maybe we can sweep the ideologically homeless from the streets of our Shining City on a Hill. Or maybe we can't. It might all backfire the way the splendid fifties backfired and led to the wretched and unspeakable sixties. Still, it's worth a try. At the very least, "Red Scare—The Sequel" will rile the lefties and get them out demonstrating again so policemen can hit them on the head. The police have been having a rough time lately, what with crack and Miranda rights. They need some fun. And one other great good will have been accomplished. We will have found a job for J. Danforth Quayle. He's the perfect point man for Nouvelle McCarthyism, a Senator Joe Lite if ever there was one. Besides, I'm sure he'd much rather have a reputation for evil than the reputation he's got now. □

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Jeb Bush

HOW TO KEEP PRESSURE ON THE SANDINISTAS

The Nicaraguan elections scheduled for February 1990 had better be free—or else. Not even Congress wants a replay of the 1984 fiasco.

On March 24 President Bush, surrounded by the bipartisan leadership of Congress, announced the extension of humanitarian assistance to the Nicaraguan democratic resistance through February 1990. The agreement calls for support of the voluntary reintegration or relocation of the resistance in accordance with the 1987 Esquipulas II agreement and last February's El Salvador accord. Because military aid will not be provided this year, the outcome of the February 1990 election, announced by the Sandinistas as part of the El Salvador accord, will define U.S. policy in Central America in the 1990s.

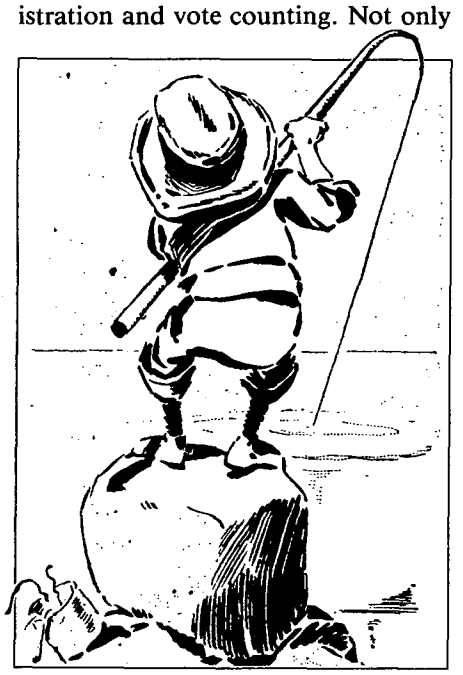
The Bipartisan Accord on Central America is itself the product of Congress's failure to provide military aid over the last two years. To those who say that George Bush has sold out the democratic resistance (and there have been a few) I say it was sold out by Chris Dodd, John Kerry, Jim Wright, and a majority in Congress. Be that as it may, the point to remember is that the accord allows the military resistance to remain intact until the Sandinistas can live up to their promise to democratize Nicaragua.

No doubt, most congressional leaders and many in the administration have tired of the five-year battle over Nicaraguan policy. By taking Nicaragua off the foreign policy hot plate, the thinking goes, it might be possible to resurrect the tradition of a foreign policy consistently supported by both Democrats and Republicans. A bipartisan consensus on foreign policy is a worthy objective, to be sure, but the question to ask is, Will the new accord and the February 1990 election help bring about our government's expressed goal of freedom for the people of Nicaragua and peace in Central America? The answer will depend on the behavior of the Sandinistas, the civilian opposition, and the U.S. government between now and next February.

Jeb Bush is a businessman in Miami, Florida.

The Sandinistas will try to use the 1990 election to obtain greater economic and political support from European and Latin countries. As they showed in the 1984 election, this objective has nothing to do with support for free elections. In that year the Sandinistas suppressed the opposition's attempts to organize, denied it access to the media, sent in thugs to break up public rallies, and controlled all aspects of the voting from registration to vote counting. As Comandante Bayardo Arce, a member of the Sandinista National Directorate, said at the time, the Sandinistas considered the election a nuisance that would be manipulated for political gain. According to Arce, the elections would provide a framework to satisfy the international bourgeoisie on the surface and thus decrease outside pressure to provide democratic guarantees.

To date, it does not appear that the Sandinistas have changed their attitude toward elections. For instance, they have rejected the civic opposition's call that the all-important Consejo Supremo Electoral (CSE) be made independent. The CSE appoints all official poll watchers and supervises voter registration and vote counting. Not only do the Sandinistas plan to keep the CSE under their control, but they have also stipulated that 50 percent of opposition funding raised outside Nicaragua is to go into the CSE's coffers. Naturally, they still retain exclusive rights to the millions in government money that can be spent on the election.



The hope for even relatively free elections resides in continued pressure from the civilian opposition, and from the United States, Latin America, and Europe. For example, the Sandinista proposal to give opposition groups one hour a day on government television should be expanded to eliminate censorship of Nicaragua's few remaining independent media outlets. In addition, pressure should be put on the Sandinistas to accept Pedro Joaquin Chamorro's proposal to create an independent television station. The Sandinistas released a large number of former Somoza national guardsmen from prison earlier this year. Pressure should now be exerted to bring about the release of the estimated 4,800 political prisoners still in jail. Given that the military resistance has been mothballed, obligatory service in the Sandinista army should be suspended. The existence of a 60,000-strong military force (with another 40,000 in reserves) tied to the ruling party is a most intimidating factor during an election period. Therefore, any diminution of the Sandinista armed forces—larger than all others in Central America combined—would be appropriate.

While the prospects for free elections in Nicaragua are in my opinion only slightly better than the chances of the Miami Heat becoming NBA champs in 1990, the election nonetheless has tremendous potential for mobilizing opposition to the Sandinista regime. As was the case in Panama, Chile, the Philippines, and even the Soviet Union, the purity of the process is not as important as the fact that elections allow for open expression of dissatisfaction.

In the case of Nicaragua, latent opposition to the government has increased as economic conditions have worsened. From February 1988 to February 1989, the Nicaraguan currency depreciated by 1.5 *million* percent—an amount worthy of the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Since imports account for 40 percent of Nicaragua's GNP, the currency's astronomical depreciation will be felt increasingly as the election approaches. The inflation rate in Nicaragua is running at over 33,000 percent. The unemployment rate in Managua is at 30 percent and industrial production during the last year has dropped in real terms by eight percent with no sign of improvement. In short, real income in dollar terms is lower today in Nicaragua than it was before World War II. The economic disaster should translate into significant support for the civic opposition, particularly among 16-to-28-year-olds who have been hardest hit and who make up more than 50 percent of the electorate. The opposition comprises diverse political parties, business organizations, labor unions, and religious groups. To use the election period effectively, it must unite behind one candidate and turn the election into a referendum on the Sandinista regime. The Sandinista leadership's opulent lifestyle (shades of Ferdinand and Imelda) in the face of the masses' abject poverty makes for an explosive environment detrimental to the stability of the regime.

What can the United States do? First, we need to keep calling attention to the Sandinistas' intransigence in fulfilling their commitment to hold free elections. Without a constant spotlight on Nicaragua, the Sandinistas will be in a position to replay the election farce of 1984. Second, the U.S. government must increase its efforts to cut the flow of Eastern bloc support to Nicar-

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agua. There are signs that under Gorbachev the Soviet Union is re-evaluating its policy of $1 billion a year in military and economic aid to the Sandinistas. Secretary of State James Baker's calls for cuts in Soviet military aid to Nicaragua—which he regards as a key indicator of Soviet interest in improved relations with the U.S.—will achieve positive results if continued. Third, our allies in Western Europe must be encouraged to tie economic aid to Sandinista compliance with fair and free elections. It seems hypocritical for countries such as Sweden, West Germany, and France to provide unconditional economic support to Nicaragua while withholding aid to countries such as Chile, where broader freedoms exist and democracy is closer to being achieved. Fourth, the United States should guarantee that exiles who return to Nicaragua will receive political asylum as promised by the Sandinistas. We also need to provide safeguards that our support will continue for those in the democratic resistance wishing to return to Nicaragua. Fifth, using our response to the Panamanian election as a guide, we should lay the groundwork for a similar effort in Nicaragua. You can be sure the Sandinistas are watching very carefully what happens to Noriega.

The Bush Administration should persevere in its determination to support the cause of freedom in Nicaragua as the best way to securing a lasting peace in Central America. Strong support for legitimate elections in Nicaragua is essential if this goal is to be attained. If the Sandinistas allow free elections, it is likely they will be defeated. If they fail to hold free elections, the effort for freedom in Nicaragua will continue by other means and a renewal of military assistance to the resistance by Congress will be in order. Let's hope it doesn't have to come to that. □

Terry Teachout

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS, JOURNALIST

The forgotten decade in the life and career of a legendary conservative.

The public life of Whittaker Chambers revolves endlessly around two dates. In 1938, Chambers, then the courier for a Soviet spy ring based in Washington, D.C., broke with the Communist party and went into hiding. In 1948, he testified under oath before the House Un-American Activities Committee about his activities as a member of the Fourth Section of the Soviet Military Intelligence. In the course of his testimony, he told the committee that Alger Hiss, president of the Carnegie Endowment for World Peace and a former high-ranking official in the State Department, had been one of his agents.

For many people, Chambers's story stops with the first date and resumes with the second. Yet during the intervening decade, Whittaker Chambers did what for most men would have been the principal work of a lifetime. Starting out in 1939 as a book reviewer for *Time*, Chambers rose to become a senior editor of the most popular newsmagazine in America. He edited *Time*'s "Foreign News" section from 1944 to 1945, giving it a strongly anti-Soviet slant at a time when the American public was being officially encouraged to view the Soviet Union as an ally; he was later assigned, together with James Agee, to a department of his own, the "Special Projects" unit, which produced cover stories on politics, culture, and religion; and he wrote the text for seven chapters of *Life*'s "History of Western Culture" series.

It was only because his *Time* articles were unsigned that Whittaker Chambers was not more widely known prior to his HUAC testimony. Given the extraordinary controversy that surrounded Chambers after he left *Time* in 1948, one would naturally expect that his articles for *Time* and *Life*, as well as his later essays for *National Review*, would be better known than they are. In fact, Chambers's journalism, early and late, is all but unknown, even to scholars specializing in the Hiss case, who invariably cite the same half-dozen essays and articles in discussions of Chambers's life and work.

Why is Whittaker Chambers's career as a journalist forgotten? One reason is that the inherent drama of his role in the Hiss case naturally overshadowed what he described in *Witness*, his 1952 autobiography, as "the tranquil years" he spent working for Time Inc. Of equal importance, however, is the fact that virtually none of the hundreds of articles Chambers published between 1931, when he became a contributing editor of *New Masses*, and 1959, when he resigned from *National Review*, have been reprinted in book form. The bulk of Chambers's journalism is accessible only to well-equipped researchers. As a result, it is chiefly as the author of *Witness* and, to a lesser degree, of *Cold Friday*, a collection of unpublished writings, and *Odyssey of a Friend*, a volume of his letters to William F. Buckley, Jr., that Chambers the writer is remembered.

Whittaker Chambers's journalism, however, is more than just a footnote to *Witness*. To read his contributions to *Time* and *Life* is to marvel at the implicit compliment that Henry Luce was paying his readers in publishing literary criticism and cultural commentary of such erudition and high seriousness. It is difficult to imagine such criticism appearing even occasionally, much less week after week, in the newsmagazines of today. The story of how these pieces came to be written tells much about a remarkable period in the history of American journalism—and about the mind and character of one of postwar American conservatism's central figures.

When Whittaker Chambers broke with the Communist party, he quickly began to look for a "visible identity" as a means of preventing his former colleagues from killing him before he had a chance to testify about his underground activities. Penniless

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Terry Teachout is a member of the editorial board of the New York Daily News. *This essay is adapted from his introduction to* Ghosts on the Roof: Selected Journalism of Whittaker Chambers, 1931-1959, *to be published by Regnery Gateway this summer.*

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and terrified, Chambers grabbed at the first opportunity that came his way: an offer from his friend Robert Cantwell to introduce him to T. S. Matthews, then a senior editor at *Time*. Cantwell, Matthews recalled,

> told me that [Chambers] was an extraordinarily talented writer (Cantwell likened him to André Malraux), an experienced journalist, and a Communist who was about to leave the party. Cantwell showed me a short story Chambers had written, and it *was* something like Malraux: it was shot through with the same murky flashes of rather sinister brilliance.

Impressed by Chambers, Matthews hired him on the spot at a salary of $100 a week to review books for *Time*. His pre-underground years as an editor at the *Daily Worker* and *New Masses* had fitted him with the practical journalistic skills that, in the more structured setting of *Time*, quickly blossomed. Chambers claimed in *Witness* that he was hired by *Time* "because I began a review of a war book with the line: 'One bomby day in June. . . .'" That review, published on May 1, 1939, was followed in the next issue by a cover story on James Joyce's just-published *Finnegans Wake*. New writers at *Time* rarely found themselves assigned to write cover stories on any subject whatsoever, much less on topics of such manifest opacity, but Chambers, as T. S. Matthews recalled, "cleared this hurdle not only creditably but with extraordinary style," sounding an already-characteristic note in the very first paragraph:

> All children are afraid of the night; when they grow up, they are still afraid, but more afraid of admitting it. In this frightening darkness men lie down to sleep and dream. Generations of diviners, black magicians, fortune tellers and poets have made night and dreams their province, interpreting the troubled images that float through the men's sleeping minds as omens of good and evil.

What does not come through clearly in this cover story is Chambers's own authorial voice, which is for the most part lost in the corporate anonymity of "*Time* style," the elaborately artificial house style created by *Time*'s early editors and memorably parodied by Wolcott Gibbs in the *New Yorker* ("Backwards ran sentences until reeled the mind"). In 1939, Chambers was still mastering the finer points of *Time* style, which he took with absolute seriousness and which he would later describe in *Witness* as "a discipline of expression, and not a horseplay with queer words and elliptical phrases."

In time, Chambers overcame his difficulties with *Time* style and, like James Agee, learned how to bend it to his own literary ends. This triumph was in part the product of sheer stubbornness. According to Matthews:

> Whenever I edited his copy, if I cut a sentence or altered a word, I could always expect his protesting presence or, more effectively, an eloquently despairing note (often quoting Dante, Milton, or some German poet—usually in the original) to the general effect that his story was now ruined and . . . completely senseless and not worth publishing.

Recognizing Chambers's remarkable gifts, Matthews increasingly gave him his own head as a stylist. In addition, Chambers served as his own editor throughout his later years at *Time*, and most of his identifiable unsigned pieces, despite the obvious quirks of *Time* style, are clearly the work of the man who wrote *Witness*, *Cold Friday*, and the letters collected in *Odyssey of a Friend*.

Whittaker Chambers's journalism is more than just a footnote to *Witness*.

Time Inc. in 1939 bore little resemblance to the conglomerate that today serves as corporate umbrella for such varied enterprises as *People*, *Sports Illustrated*, and Home Box Office. But the biggest difference between Time Inc. then and now is the fact that Henry Luce was very much alive and well when Whittaker Chambers went to work for *Time*. It is difficult for younger readers to imagine just how much power Luce, the founder and editor in chief of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, wielded during the thirties and forties. Luce's contemporaries had no such difficulty. Immensely popular with the general public, the Luce magazines were dismissed by progressives as vulgarly written and profoundly reactionary.

Luce's influence extended to culture as well as politics. *Time* devoted generous space to unsigned essays, articles, and reviews dealing with the arts, and Luce's stable of house intellectuals during the thirties and forties included such unlikely employees as Dwight Macdonald, James Agee, Archibald MacLeish, and Robert Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald, who edited the "Books" section of *Time* in 1939, remembered the workings of his department with obvious fondness thirty years later:

> We managed nevertheless to hack through . . . a fairly wide vista on literature in general, including even verse, the despised quarterlies, and scholarship. . . . One week we jammed through a joint review of Henry Miller, for which Jim [Agee] did *Tropic of Cancer* and I *Tropic of Capricorn*, both unpublishable in the United States until twenty years later. Our argument that time was that if *Time* ought to be written for the Man-in-the-Street (a favorite thought of the Founder), here were books that would hit him where he lived, if he could get them.

Peter Drucker, who worked at *Fortune* in 1940, observed that Luce ran his magazines "by working around people who had the title, office, and responsibility; by encouraging juniors to come to him but enjoining them not to tell their bosses; and by keeping alive feuds, mutual distrusts, and opposing cliques." Luce's managerial style may have increased the incidence of alcoholism among his employees and the frequency with which he was portrayed in third-rate novels, but it also helped make *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, for all their biases and factual misrepresentations, among the most consistently interesting magazines of their day.

Only the strongest personalities survived at Time Inc., and Whittaker Chambers filled the bill with ease. A dozen of Chambers's colleagues at *Time* have recorded their first impressions of him, in most of which the adjective "Dostoevskian" figures prominently. Drama critic Louis Kronenberger's description is as good as any:

> There was something about his—then not famous—appearance which was, to begin with, at odds with itself. The short, stocky, bullet-headed, barrel-chested, black-garmented figure had something almost stagily drab about it, something to make you wonder who would dress like that—a man on call as a pallbearer? An enthusiast of a sternly cheerless sect?

Chambers's behavior was as peculiar as his demeanor. According to Matthews, "there was such an air of suppressed melodrama about him that I should not have been greatly surprised if one day a Communist gunman had shot him down in one of the office corridors. . . . He always walked fast from the elevator to his office and, once inside, always shut and often locked his door." Understandably suspicious of strangers, Chambers made friends slowly, though the ones he finally made were invariably loyal. More often, he antagonized colleagues by his appearance and behavior and, most of all, by the militant anti-Communism which permeated his thinking—and writing.

"The driving force of my work at *Time*," Chambers wrote to Henry Luce in 1948, "has been a sense of mission, of calling." This mission, Chambers explained in *Witness*, was to take every possible opportunity "to clarify, on the basis of the news, the religious and moral position that made Communism evil." Anti-Communism was anything but popular in the early forties, especially among *Time*'s staffers, whose Communist contingent was sufficiently large to publish a newsletter called *High Time*.[1] Not surprisingly, Chambers's enemies at *Time* were legion. "I had not been at *Time* a fortnight," he remembered, "before the Communists went to work on me. The fortnight's grace was due merely to the fact that the Communist Party had not yet discovered my presence at *Time* and warned its local members."

Two things kept Whittaker Chambers afloat: his journalistic skills and the steadfast patronage of Henry Luce. Luce first noticed Chambers as a result of his 1940 review of the film version of *The Grapes of Wrath*. ("Pinkos who did not bat an eye when the Soviet Government exterminated 3,000,000 peasants by famine, will go for a good cry over the hardships of the Okies. But people who go to pictures for the sake of seeing pictures will see a great one.") The child of Presbyterian missionaries to China, Luce was extremely receptive to Chambers's religious anti-Communism. In 1942, Chambers sent Luce a memo on the subject in which he set forth at length what would later become familiar as the central theme of *Witness*:

> Tentatively, I am calling what I have written: The irreconcilable issues—Belief in God or Belief in Man. . . . I wish to show that these issues are the real line of cleavage in the modern world between conservative and revolutionary, cutting across all lines of economic class and political party; binding together proletarian and capitalist in a common belief in the primacy of God, just as they inexorably throw together those who believe in the primacy of secular Man no matter what their superficial differences or pseudo-religious trappings.

The *Time* writer who found Chambers's grim *Weltanschauung* most sympathetic was James Agee, Chambers's closest friend at *Time* and a man who, according to T. S. Matthews, was fully as difficult as Chambers himself. ("They were not only subject to temperamental tantrums but prey to fits of despair; and they had absolutely no feeling about going to press, one way or the other.") In spite of their erratic work habits, Chambers and Agee together transformed the "Books" section of *Time* into the magazine's most widely read department.

But Chambers continued to make enemies at *Time* with pieces like "The Revolt of the Intellectuals," in which

[1] "For some goddam reason," Luce allegedly replied when asked why he employed so many left-liberal types at *Time*, "Republicans can't write."

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he coolly surveyed the behavior of American intellectuals in the wake of the Nazi-Soviet pact and concluded that "it remains to be seen . . . whether the U.S. literary liberals will bring their intelligence to bear effectively on the side of democracy." Such assaults on the left were a staple of *Time*'s book reviewing under Chambers. "Every week," one of his friends told him with unconcealed pleasure, "that mortar goes off in the last five pages of *Time*."

Chambers's mortar was exchanged for a howitzer when T. S. Matthews, now managing editor of *Time*, made him editor of *Time*'s "Foreign News" section in the summer of 1944. It was the assignment he had been waiting for since his arrival at *Time*. As he told Luce:

> I have spent some 15 years of my life actively preparing for FN. Some of those years were spent close to the central dynamo that powers the politics of our time. In fact, I can say: I was there, I saw it, at least in a small way, I did it. . . . In dealing with international affairs, I feel like a man in a dark but familiar room: I may bump against the furniture, but I'm usually sure where the door and windows are.

Chambers's new assignment immediately caused consternation among *Time*'s left-wing writers and editors. "Out of his earshot," a sympathetic colleague recalled, "the gibes, digs and cracks aimed at him showed that half his writing and research staff were ready not merely to dislike him but to hate him." Chambers understood what he was up against. "The fight in Foreign News," he wrote in *Witness*, "was not a fight for control of a seven-page section of a newsmagazine. It was a struggle to decide whether a million Americans more or less were going to be given the facts about Soviet aggression, or whether those facts were going to be suppressed, distorted, sugared or perverted into the exact opposite of their true meaning." He fought back with the zeal of a practiced revolutionary, unhesitatingly rewriting stories filed by *Time*'s foreign correspondents to make them accord with his anti-Communist views.

Typical of the battles over "Foreign News" was the imbroglio that began when Theodore White, *Time*'s China correspondent, filed a lengthy cable from Chungking about the recall of Gen. Joseph Stilwell. According to White, the cable told the story of "the chaos, decay, misery, sadness and dissolution in China," all of which he blamed on the corrupt regime of Chiang Kai-shek. But the story which appeared in *Time* on November 13, 1944, as rewritten by Chambers, explained that while Chiang was governing China "high-handedly," he was doing so "in order to safeguard the last vestiges of democratic principles in China" against the Chinese Communists. Luce, White claimed, "let the story of the crisis be edited into a lie, an entirely dishonorable story."

Chambers's most controversial exercise in interpretative journalism, however, was not a rewrite of an irate correspondent's cable but an original piece written in response to the news blackout surrounding the Big Three Conference at Yalta. "The Ghosts on the Roof" was a fable in which the shades of the murdered Czar Nicholas II and his family, having converted posthumously to Marxism, convened on the roof of their old palace and predicted with relish that the Soviet Union would engage in wholesale territorial expansionism after the war:

> "And now," said the Tsar, peering through the chink in the roof, "the greatest statesmen in the world have come to Stalin. Who but he would have had the sense of historical fitness to entertain them in my expropriated palace! There he sits, so small, so sure. He is magnificent. Greater than Rurik, greater than Peter! For Peter conquered only in the name of a limited class. But Stalin embodies the international social revolution. That is the mighty, new device of power politics which he has developed for blowing up other countries from within."

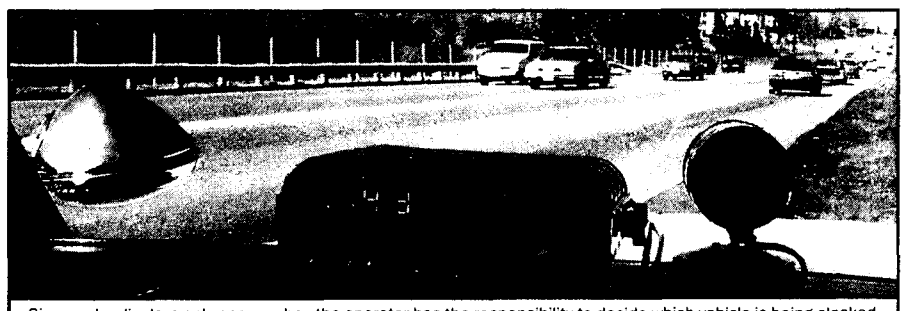
Chambers nonchalantly dropped "The Ghosts on the Roof" on T. S. Matthews's desk one day, "saying that I might like to read it but that it was certainly not for *Time*." Matthews, who by that time had come around to Chambers's way of thinking about Communism, promptly scheduled the piece for publication as an unsigned "*Time* essay." The result was as swift as it was predictable. "I was visited," Matthews recalled, "by an unofficial delegation from the staffs of both *Time* and *Life*, urging me strongly not to print the piece: it would drive a wedge between the Allies, it was biased and bitter, irresponsible journalism, et cetera." Shaken by the fervor of his staff's opposition to the piece, Matthews delayed publication of "The Ghosts on the Roof" for a week before sending it to press.

Time was inundated by hostile letters after the piece appeared. Several letters were published along with a mollifying editor's note explaining that, "The Ghosts on the Roof" notwithstanding, *Time* "neither said nor thinks that Soviet-U.S. collaboration is 'doomed to failure.'" Three years later, after the Iron Curtain had descended on Central Europe, *Time* reprinted "The Ghosts on the Roof" with an accompanying editor's note explaining that the piece "will repay a second reading as the world enters the new year, 1948."

A dozen of Chambers's colleagues at *Time* have recorded their first impressions of him, in most of which the adjective "Dostoevskian" figures prominently.

When Henry Luce asked Chambers what he wanted to do at *Time* after the war, he responded: "I should like to edit Foreign News for a long time to come." His wish was in vain. On August 23, 1945, Chambers blacked out on a train from Baltimore to New York. A serious heart attack had already forced him to take an eight-month leave of absence from *Time* in 1942. Fearing a relapse, Matthews promptly relieved Chambers of his duties as "Foreign News" editor and temporarily reassigned him to book reviewing. "From Foreign News," he wrote in *Witness*, "I fell down the whole flight of editorial steps."

What seemed at first a disaster soon proved a tremendous opportunity. Matthews assigned Chambers and James Agee to form a "Special Projects" unit designed, in Chambers's words, "to provide *Time* chiefly with cover stories which, because of special difficulties of subject matter or writing, other sections of *Time* were thought to be less well equipped to handle." Relieved of the pressures of weekly editing, Chambers embarked on a lengthy series of memorable cover stories on such figures as Reinhold Niebuhr,



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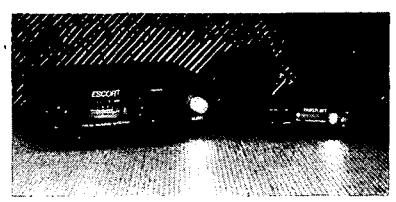

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Albert Einstein, Arnold Toynbee, and Dame Rebecca West. He described his new beat to Luce as "religion, culture, history, with a strong consciousness of current political forces and implications." His 1946 profile of the black contralto Marian Anderson provoked such an enthusiastic response from readers that *Time* broke with its long-standing policy of anonymity and identified Chambers as the author in a "Letter from the Publisher":

> The preliminary work involved talks with Miss Anderson, her mother, friends, teachers, impresarios, etc. But the important work was done, the writer claims, one afternoon when he shut himself up with a phonograph and a heap of records of Negro spirituals and played them over & over. . . . Marjorie Kinnan (*The Yearling*) Rawlings wrote: "My belated obeisances for the magnificent story on Marian Anderson. It was so beautifully written (my guess would be Whittaker Chambers) and gave such a spiritual lift." Novelist Rawlings guessed right.

Chambers's last major writing project for Time Inc. was *Life*'s "History of Western Culture" series. Though the first seven chapters were written by Chambers, *Life* also engaged a team of outside consultants led by Jacques Barzun, and Chambers regularly ran afoul of their advice. His essay on the Reformation, for example, was drastically rewritten by other hands as a result of what Chambers described as "a head-on clash of historical viewpoint—between the economic interpretation of history and the humane interpretation of history."

Henry Luce's admiration for Chambers remained unshaken by the difficulties surrounding the writing of the "History of Western Culture" series. Late in 1947, Luce even asked Chambers to write his first signed piece for Time Inc., a dark fantasy in the style of C. S. Lewis's *The Screwtape Letters* called "The Devil," which drew hundreds of admiring letters from the readers of *Life*:

> The presence beside him looked distinguished, relaxed, urbane. Except for a face a little too characterful to be contemporary, the Devil might have been a movie magnate, an airline executive, a college president, a great surgeon or a grain speculator. "And yet," thought the pessimist, "those are certainly not the eyes of a Yale man." For the pupils of the Devil's eyes were a swampy black, and into their depths all vision sank without leaving a trace, like a toad in a pool of petroleum. They hung suspended in their sockets like orbs in a void of omnivorous vigilance, motionless, enveloping and contemplative without compassion.

But after nine years of loyal service to Henry Luce, Chambers was beginning to chafe at the constraints of mass journalism. "The years are running out on me," he wrote to Luce on July 31, 1948. "I think I have something to say and little time to say it. . . . Has a man who has something to say and the ability to say it any real place at *Time*?" He told Luce that he wanted to resign from *Time* as of January 1, 1949, and thereafter write strictly as a freelance. Luce and Chambers, as was their custom, met for coffee at a corner drugstore on August 2 to discuss Chambers's future with the magazine.

The meeting took place as scheduled, but the agenda was changed by circumstances beyond Chambers's control. On August 1, the House Un-American Activities Committee subpoenaed him to testify about his Communist past. "It seems to me that you will not want me around here any longer," Chambers told Luce the next day. "Nonsense," Luce replied, "testifying is a simple patriotic duty." On August 3, Whittaker Chambers went before HUAC and, in the words of Arthur Koestler, "committed moral suicide to atone for the guilt of our generation." His testimony made the front pages of every newspaper in America. It also brought his career as a journalist to an abrupt halt.

"Out of earshot," a sympathetic colleague recalled, "the gibes, digs and cracks aimed at him showed that half his writing and research staff were ready not merely to dislike him but to hate him."

Public reaction to the revelation that a senior editor of *Time* had been a Communist was swift and negative. *Time* received 877 letters about Chambers between August 1, 1948, and January 14, 1949, including 103 subscription cancellations. But Luce initially remained faithful to his old friend, allowing him to take a leave of absence and picking up his legal fees. On September 6, *Time* published the following reply to the anti-Chambers mail it had received: "*Time* was fully aware of Chambers's political background, believed in his conversion, and has never since had reason to doubt it. . . . *Time* believes that Chambers's penetrating knowledge of the ways of Communism, at home and abroad, has been extremely valuable to *Time*—and to *Time*'s readers."

Time's support of Whittaker Chambers was short-lived. The revelation that Chambers had actively engaged in espionage against the United States put more heat on Luce than he was prepared to endure. On December 10, eight days after he turned over the "pumpkin papers" to HUAC investigators, Chambers resigned from Time Inc. He retreated to his farm in Westminster, Maryland, spending the next four years testifying at Alger Hiss's perjury trials and writing his autobiography.

Chambers was rehabilitated by the publication of *Witness*. Serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post* and chosen as a main selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, *Witness* quickly became one of the biggest sellers of 1952. Whatever tension remained between Luce and Chambers was resolved by Luce's congratulatory letter of July 18: "I salute you, as of old, as a great writer. I salute you, too, of course, as a great warrior of the spirit—and as a friend."[2]

Though Whittaker Chambers would subsequently publish two essays in *Life*, his real return to journalism took place under the auspices of *National Review*, which he joined as a senior editor in 1957, and in which he published a dozen full-length essays on topics ranging from farm policy to the space race. But Chambers's most important work as a journalist had already been done, and his influence on conservatism was for the most part exerted not through his work for *National Review* but through *Witness* and his letters to William F. Buckley, Jr. Only one of his essays had any major influence on the emerging American conservative movement: "Big Sister Is Watching You," a controversial 1957 review of Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* in which Chambers, in Buckley's words, "read Miss Rand right out of the conservative movement," in the process foreshadowing (and, to some degree, triggering) the great libertarian-conservative schism of the sixties.

When thinking of Whittaker Chambers's writings, it is hard not to recall the poem George Orwell wrote about himself in 1935: "A happy vicar I might have been/Two hundred years ago/ . . . But born, alas, in an evil time,/I missed that pleasant haven." Born in an evil time, Chambers was unable to fully realize his great talent as a writer. After he resigned from *National Review* in 1959, he wrote nothing more for publication. He died two years later, leaving unfinished his last book, *The Third Rome*.

What is surprising is not that Chambers's work remains an incomplete torso (given the circumstances of his life, one could hardly have expected anything else) but the extent to which his talents were in fact realized in his journalism. "I've always been conscious of beautiful prose," William F. Buckley, Jr. said recently, "and in some of [Chambers's] prose I saw what I thought was journalistic perfection." Many of Chambers's later essays for *Time* and *Life* could be cited in evidence of this claim, though Buckley had in mind a passage from "In Egypt Land," Chambers's 1946 profile of Marian Anderson:

> [The Negro spirituals] were created in direct answer to the Psalmist's question: How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? For the land in which the slaves found themselves was strange beyond the fact that it was foreign. It was a nocturnal land . . . alive with all the elements of lonely beauty, except compassion. In this deep night of land and man, the singers saw visions; grief, like a tuning fork, gave the tone, and the Sorrow Songs were uttered.

According to Duncan Norton-Taylor, one of Whittaker Chambers's closest friends, *The Third Rome* was to have been "a supplement to *Witness*." In his journal, Chambers explained that he was writing *The Third Rome* for his son, believing that "the most important thing I could do for him was to report for him how his father had viewed certain aspects of our reality, what I believed the forces of reality to be, and how I saw their origins and development, which pulverized individual men, and caught peoples, like shovelfuls of corn in a hammermill."

It is one of the innumerable ironies of Chambers's life that he never realized he had already written that report, not merely in *Witness* and in his letters but in the pages of *Time*, *Life*, and *National Review*. His essays and articles are inevitably fragmentary in their impact, and it is impossible to know what directions his writing would have taken had HUAC not subpoenaed him immediately after his decision to break with Time Inc. Even so, to encounter Whittaker Chambers's journalism, for all its obvious imperfections, is to see Chambers not merely as a political martyr but as a critic and commentator of unusual power—to see, at last, the whole man. □

[2] "He didn't like to talk about Harry Luce very much," William F. Buckley, Jr. says of Chambers. "It was a combination of a sort of affable sense of the person, the human being, combined with a feeling that Luce simply hadn't understood the apocalyptic nature of the challenge—which, of course, by Whittaker's standards very few people did."

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Matthew Stevenson

FIJI: A SECOND GRENADA?

There's no hiding that the antinuke, neutralist government overthrown in 1987 was playing directly into the hands of the Soviets and their plans for the South Pacific.

The term "savage" is, I conceive, often misapplied, and indeed when I consider the vices, cruelties, and enormities of every kind that spring up in the tainted atmosphere of a feverish civilization, I am inclined to think that so far as the relative wickedness of the parties is concerned, four or five Marquesan Islanders sent to the United States as missionaries might be quite as useful as an equal number of Americans dispatched to the islands in a similar matter.

—Herman Melville, *Typee* (1846)

Three times weekly, an Air Pacific 747, with markings the color of a rainbow, lumbers off the runway at Kingsford Smith Airport in Sydney and sets a northeast course for the four-hour flight to the Fiji islands. Once clear of the New South Wales headlands, the trip to Fiji is a lazy run, entirely over azure seas that only here and there flicker with whitecaps.

A necklace of coral surrounds Viti Levu, Fiji's main island. From the air the reef first appears as a thin white line, separating the darker ocean from the turquoise waters so evocative of the tropics. The shore is also edged with coral, as many unsuspecting tourists have discovered, and behind the beaches, sugar cane undulates in the afternoon breezes. Ridges of high mountain jungle cover the spine of Viti Levu, so international flights land at Nadi, a flatland on the western coast more than a hundred miles from the capital, Suva.

I had a number of reasons for wanting to visit Fiji, beyond the obvious wish to touch down in Paradise. For the last several years I have read numerous accounts that the Pacific Ocean is no longer "America's lake," that the Soviet navy is filling a vacuum created by U.S. indifference to the region. In the vastness of the Pacific, Fiji offers a strategic deep-water port at Suva. At the start of the Second World War, had the Japanese won at Coral Sea and later taken the islands, our supply lines to Australia and New Zealand would have been cut, making the war in the Pacific that much more difficult.

Fiji had other political points of interest. In the eight years of the Reagan presidency, it was the only democracy toppled by a coup. Numerous countries—Argentina, Brazil, and El Salvador, for example—replaced military rule with free elections. Amidst this exemplary record, only Fiji lost its democracy. Admittedly, it lacks the population or size of Brazil, and the interim government is led by the former prime minister, Ratu (Chief) Sir Kamisese Mara. Nevertheless, it was jarring for a military putsch to succeed in the South Pacific, where coups have never been a way of life.

Most of all, I wanted to meet the deposed prime minister, Dr. Timoci Bavadra, whose Labor government had been overthrown in May 1987. I had seen Dr. Bavadra give many interviews on Australian and New Zealand television. His eloquence was appealing, and he raised a simple, telling point: Why had none of the major democracies aided his government when it was overthrown by the military?

At the time Dr. Bavadra was ousted, Fiji was a member of the British Commonwealth, but neither Britain nor its South Pacific allies nor the United States opposed the coup, except with futile diplomatic language so familiar on evening newscasts. In my mind, I wanted two questions answered: Why didn't anyone care about the fall of the Bavadra government? Second, what did this silence mean for our relations in the South Pacific?

When I landed at Nadi, I had neither a hotel reservation nor did I know how I might make contact with Dr. Bavadra. From press accounts, I knew he lived in a small village, Viseisei, which I located on a map as north of the airport. I assumed that I would rent a car, find a hotel, and then drive to the village and ask around for Dr. Bavadra. I hoped he would be accessible. How many Americans wanted to see him at all? Following the coup, he had traveled to the United States to make a case for support. Little was forthcoming. Instead he was given perfunctory hearings at the State Department and before a congressional committee.

As I was hunting at the airport for Avis or Hertz, and in one of those indecisive moods that can overcome jet-lagged travelers, I found myself in conversation with a hotel tout. "Hey, mister, hotel?" is their basic spiel. Perhaps because of the heat, which was about to give way to a late afternoon thunderstorm, I was agreeable and followed a young Fijian of Indian descent to a hotel van.

It was a ten-minute ride to the Travellers Beach Resort. We chatted about what I might do while I was on the island. The hotel could arrange fishing, mountain tours, or, if I wished, some pig hunting—none of which interested me. It seemed implausible that the driver might know how I could find Dr. Bavadra, but when I said that what I really wanted to do was to meet the deposed prime minister, my new friend got very excited.

"My uncle, who owns the hotel," he said, "knows him well. He can arrange everything. They are good friends. It's no problem."

Not often on my trips does Fate intervene so efficiently.

I was the only guest at the Travellers, which was a hotel overlooking Nadi Bay. I chose a beachside room that was already occupied by a large family of mosquitos. A fishing trawler and a rusty steamer were anchored close to shore. Otherwise the bay was empty, save for a few seaplanes, which used the calm waters as a runway.

The uncle's name was G. K. Guddy Karan, known as George, and I met him in the hotel's screened dining

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room. He joined me toward the end of dinner. I had eaten a meal that made me think I was in Bombay or Delhi: curried chicken, rice, somoza, and chutney. George appeared to be in his mid to late forties. He wore a native shirt. His hair, eyes, and skin were dark, making me think his Indian ancestors were Bengalis.

He was willing to speak at length about the coup that toppled the Bavadra government. He was not a politician, he said. His involvement with the government was a result of his friendship with Dr. Bavadra, who liked to visit the resort. Nevertheless, when the coup happened, George was detained for three days.

Our conversation lasted several hours. It began in the restaurant and ended in his living room, where we watched an underground video cassette that provided a history of the coup. Often during the evening George would rummage through stacks of paper and return to the conversation with a magazine clipping, usually something published in the United States or England.

He was convinced that the Australians and the Americans had a hand in overthrowing the Bavadra government. The evidence for such a case might be circumstantial, he admitted, but its volume made the verdict incontestable. His tone of voice was that of a middle-aged man who for the first time had confronted what he decided was evil, and it made him angry. When he was a boy, the United States had freed many of the islands from Japanese occupation. Now it was abetting military coups and tyranny. His story became a cautionary tale that crystallized the unease in the South Pacific about U.S. relations.

The chronology, in abbreviated form, is this:

On April 12, 1987, the voters of Fiji—its population is 750,000—elected a coalition government, led by the Labor party of Dr. Bavadra, a Fijian who previously ran the Public Service union. Into the opposition went the Alliance party of Ratu Mara, which had been in power since independence from Britain in 1970. Ratu Mara had proved a good friend to the West. He had denied the Soviets an embassy at Suva, spoke against granting the Russians fishing rights among the Pacific islands, and tempered the views of his Pacific colleagues who wanted to declare the South Pacific a nuclear-free zone.

In the eight years of the Reagan presidency, Fiji was the only democracy toppled by a coup.

Dr. Bavadra's Labor party was a coalition of trade unions and Fijian Indians, who now were a plurality on the island. Once in office, Dr. Bavadra sided with other Pacific islands in supporting the lead of New Zealand, which opposed U.S. nuclear warships in its ports. His foreign minister, Krishna Datt, pursued a nonaligned foreign policy and announced that under certain circumstances he would agree to technical and commercial agreements with the Soviet Union.

Nevertheless, in the words of the *Economist*, Bavadra was "no radical." He continued to deny the Soviets an embassy. His goal was to raise the standard of living on Fiji, which may be Paradise to tourists, but is still a Third World Paradise. He launched an investigation into the financial practices of the previous government.

On May 14, Lt. Col. Sitiveni Rabuka, a staff officer responsible for training, led a bloodless coup against the Bavadra government. The prime minister and his cabinet were placed under house arrest for a week. In the meantime Rabuka secured the cooperation of Ratu Mara to serve in an interim government.

Why had Rabuka acted? Most press reports spoke of the tensions between native Fijians, who are Melanesian, and Fiji's Indian population. Indians first came to Fiji in the late nineteenth century as coolies to work in the sugar fields. Only a third ever went back, and an open immigration policy after World War I brought thousands of Indians to the South Pacific. Rabuka feared that Fijians would wind up a minority in their own land, as happened to the Maoris in New Zealand or the aboriginals in Australia. As he was later quoted in *No Other Way*, his as-told-to autobiography: "I told the governor-general that I had to remove the government and re-write the repugnant constitution to give Fijian people control of their own country . . ."

More cynical accounts of the coup note that Rabuka may have acted more for personal than political reasons. Thirty-eight years old, he had started his military career with a flourish, was a rugby player of world stature and a Commonwealth Games decathlete. But in recent years his rise to power had been checked. He had been passed over for promotion to brigadier and appeared stymied by a senior commander only a year older than he was. If anyone fit the intelligence handbook description of a military officer who might be amenable to leading a coup, it would have been Rabuka. Even his thesis at staff college had been on the role of the military after seizing power in a developing country.

Fiji's political turmoil continued through summer 1987. The islands' governor-general, Ratu Sir Penaia Ganilau, asserted that he was the legitimate head of state and attempted to organize a coalition government that would reconcile the differences between native Fijians and those of Indian descent. In late September, he put forward a caretaker government that would represent all ethnic groups on the islands. But Rabuka would agree to nothing less than Melanesian supremacy, and he led a second coup on September 25 to have his opinion heard.

After the second coup, it appeared that Rabuka might compromise, if only to keep Fiji a member of the Commonwealth. But he still faced the opposition of the governor-general, who sought to resolve the crisis within the framework of the existing constitution. After some discussion, Rabuka abruptly suspended the constitution, sacked Ratu Sir Penaia, and named himself head of state. As of October 10, 1987, he proclaimed, Fiji would become a republic and withdraw from the Commonwealth, odd as that may sound.

The last chapter of the story, which continues, began on December 5, 1987, when Rabuka convinced Ratu Sir Penaia to serve as Fiji's first president. The former governor-general, in turn, appointed Ratu Mara to act as prime minister. In less than a year, Fiji again had the government that had ruled prior to Dr. Bavadra's election. Its principal mandate was to draft a new constitution that would guarantee the rule of native Fijians. In the new government, Rabuka kept internal security as his portfolio, just in case. And along the way, he found himself at last promoted, not just to full colonel, but to brigadier and then major-general.

According to George, the press got the story wrong. Race relations were not the major issue on the island—not sufficient to bring down the government, anyway. Certainly it was disturbing to Hindus and Moslems that Rabuka had declared Fiji a Christian nation. As he writes in his autobiography: "It will be a big challenge for us to convert them to Christianity. . . . We either go that way, or they will convert us, and we all become heathens." But race was not the issue that deposed Dr. Bavadra.

Fijian Indians would never control the country, George believed, because the 1970 constitution had mandated a balance of power between the races. Further, covenants assured that Fiji's land would always be controlled by native Fijians, who owned 83 percent of the islands, even though many of Fiji's prominent businessmen are Indian.

He believed that the reason for the coup was the decision by Dr. Bavadra to follow the lead of the New Zealand government in wanting to declare Fiji's ports off-limits to nuclear warships. Such a course was intolerable to the U.S. and Australian military services, which conveniently found themselves in agreement with local interests also in opposition to the Bavadra government. Rabuka was a stalking horse for the chiefs and the Americans.

Here is a summary of the allegations that were made on the video and in articles I was encouraged to track down:

- In 1984, something called the Asian

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American Free Labor Institute opened in Suva to campaign against the proposed nuclear ban. The institute spent more than $1 million, which was funded by the Agency for International Development and the National Endowment for Democracy, which in Fiji is assumed to be a handmaiden of the Central Intelligence Agency.

• After his defeat in the April 12 elections, Ratu Mara traveled to Honolulu to meet with the U.S. Pacific Command. There he was seen in the company of various Asian American Institute officials, including William Paupe, a U.S. embassy official in Suva. Paupe is one of those larger-than-life government figures whose work for AID began in Vietnam in 1967 and continued in South Korea from 1977 to 1981. According to the film, he was sent to Fiji to coordinate efforts against South Pacific trade unions that favored a nuclear ban.

• On April 30, two weeks before the coup, U.N. Ambassador Gen. Vernon Walters showed up on Fiji to urge Foreign Minister Datt to drop his plans of nonalignment for Fiji. Walters also met with Fiji's third-ranking officer, Lt. Col. Sitiveni Rabuka.

• Five days prior to the coup, Rabuka was spotted at Nadi International Airport, chatting with five Americans. According to a Bavadra cabinet member, one of these men was among the masked gang that stormed Parliament and seized power on May 14.

• At the time the coup took place, retired American Maj. Gen. John Singlaub, of Iran-contra fame, was in Fiji attending a conference on democracy sponsored by the Pacific Democrat Union.

• During the coup, Rabuka and his mysterious lieutenant—known only as Captain X and hooded, like the rest, throughout the operation—spoke to their men only in English, not Fijian, leading to speculation that mercenaries were among the rebels. Other reports mentioned in the film describe some black American troops landing on Fiji several days before the coup.

• Two months after the first coup, Ratu Mara was again in Honolulu, meeting with the U.S. Pacific Command—this time to request arms for Fiji.

Needless to say, the array of allegations was difficult to assimilate. I didn't think of them as facts so much as articles of faith, similar to what one hears from any such aggrieved party. In the days leading to the coup, it appeared as if the islands had as many operatives as honeymooners. Nevertheless, the charges were serious. If only a few were true, who could blame the Indians for coming to their conclusions? They had, after all, lost their say in government after winning a freely contested election. No one had ever charged that Dr. Bavadra had won other than fairly.

When the conversation broke up, it was arranged that we would visit Dr. Bavadra the next day. But it would be imposing to arrive without a gift, and what would be most appropriate would be *kava*, a drink from *yagona* roots that George wanted to go to Suva to find. As it was a two-and-a-half hour drive to the capital, it was decided that we would leave at six-thirty the following morning.

George believed that the reason for the coup was the decision by Dr. Bavadra to follow New Zealand's lead in wanting to declare Fiji's ports off-limits to nuclear warships.

The Queen's Road winds along the southern Coral Coast to Suva, the kind of Pacific port etched many times in the writing of Joseph Conrad. The Grand Pacific Hotel, a splendid colonial retreat, overlooks the harbor where the modern version of tramp steamers swing at anchor, awaiting a turn dockside. Across the street from the Grand Pacific are the government buildings, including Parliament—which has as its front yard an expansive parade and cricket ground, making the connection between this group of coral islands and the British Empire.

We spent the morning searching several markets for the *yagona* that would please Dr. Bavadra. George finally found roots to his liking at a market several miles north of Suva. Afterwards we ate lunch in a small Chinese restaurant with an Indian civil servant. The man said that the government had made life difficult for Indians; many were being forced out of the civil service. Like so many others, he spoke openly of his plans for emigration. When his papers cleared, he was leaving for New Zealand. When he had enough money, he would send for his family.

We headed back through the late afternoon showers. To the left was the Beqa Passage, a palm-fringed strait like many in the Caribbean. On the right was tropical vegetation and, in the background, sharp mountainous peaks. Frequently we came up behind trucks carrying workers home from the fields. Crammed into the back and sitting on piles of straw or dirt would be groups of native Indians and Fijians. It wasn't a sight I had expected on what had been described as a racially divided island. The men waved each time we passed and seemed to be joking with each other, in that gious polyglot. It has Sikh temples, mosques, Hindu shrines, Protestant churches—even the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. Apparently every group of seamen who visited the islands left behind one of their churches, a condition that may bode poorly for a nation officially declared Christian.

The sun had nearly set when we found Dr. Bavadra, who was supervising the construction of a new house. Primitive cranes had sited long oak trunks in two lines, which gave the foundation the air of a Greek ruin. George explained that Dr. Bavadra needed a grander house to recognize his position as the leader of the Indian community. The parlor floor would be elevated from the ground. He used the Fijian word for chief, *ratu*, to describe Dr. Bavadra's position, even though it was the chief system that, as prime minister, he had opposed.

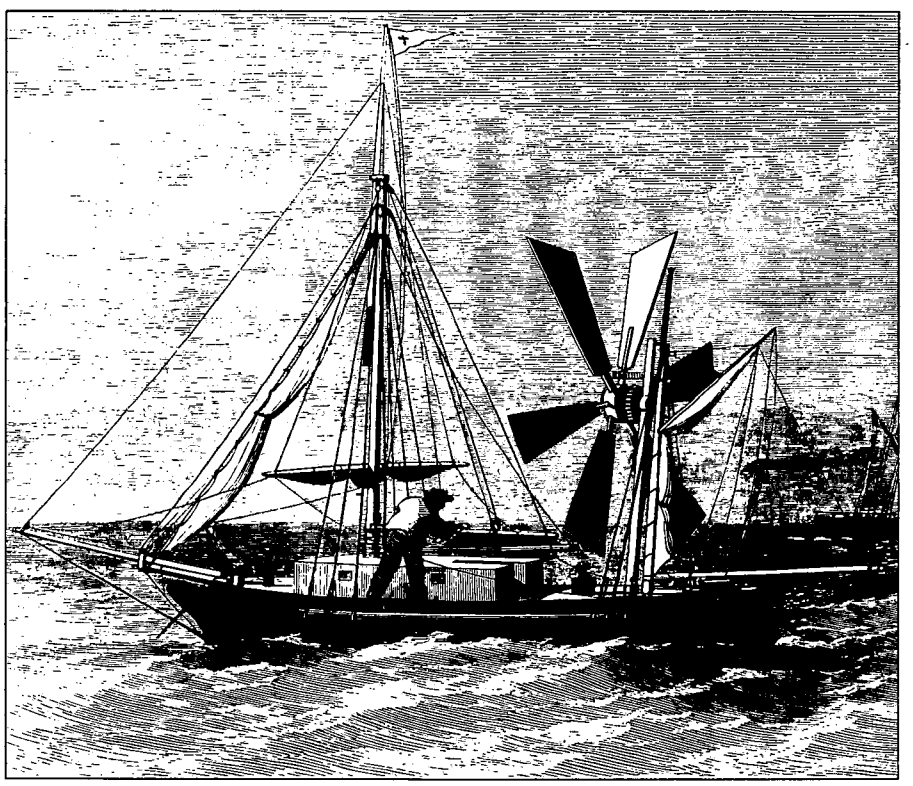
All the men in the village were milling about the construction site, as if part of an Amish barn-raising. Most were trying to coax the last timbers into position, and Dr. Bavadra was watching impassively as we approached.

Not more than fifty-five years old, he wore a white polo shirt, slacks, and thongs. His sunglasses were tucked into his vest pocket, in the manner of a golf pro. Although he was a medical doctor before entering government service, his handshake implied that heavy stints of manual labor were part of his background. He had a broad, round face and clear, determined eyes. His mood was one of subdued resignation. But why would he welcome wholeheartedly a strange American determined to meet him?

I had expected a bolder, more strident man. Some press accounts had described him as a bellicose liberal, determined to push Fiji to the left. Words like comrade had drifted into his speech during the short time he was prime minister. But his manner was more deferential than I expected, and as we stood watching the men from the village move about the foundation, he spoke about the coup without a trace of rancor.

Dr. Bavadra believed his government had been overthrown by the chiefs, who feared his investigation into the past government's financial dealings. When I asked what he had wanted to do in office, he said flatly: "We wanted to tell the truth."

He described the Fijian economy as if he were reading from a case study on Third World underdevelopment. An Australian multinational, CSR, controlled the sugar fields, he said. Another, Burns Philp, ran the stores and imported most of the consumer goods. Tourism didn't put much money into the local economy because the hotels and airlines were owned by out-



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siders. The average wage was $3.50 a day, hardly enough to support the large families that were typical on Fiji.

As for outside involvement in the coup, he didn't believe that the U.S. alone had toppled his government, but U.S. concerns had mixed well with local interests. He recited some of the litany that George had outlined the night before. The U.S. had wanted to keep Suva as a port for its nuclear warships. An Australian operative on the island, Rod Kelly, who had been featured in last night's video, had once been photographed with Australia's prime minister, Bob Hawke. Articles published in Britain and the U.S. outlined the American complicity. Lt. Col. Rabuka had not thought up the coup on his own; he was a front man.

Dr. Bavadra would not even consider the notion that racial differences on Fiji had led to the coup. He gestured toward the men working on his house. They were from his village. Half were Fijians; the rest were Indians. "We have no problems," he said. "That's something made up in the foreign press."

What interested me most was to hear his account of how the rest of the world reacted to the coup. As soon as he was released from house arrest, the Indian community on Fiji raised money to send Bavadra and his wife first to England and then to the United States. In London, he hoped to meet with the Queen. But his request was denied, because it was pointed out that he was not the head of state—that was the governor-general, Ratu Sir Penaia. So the Bavadras took what sounds like high tea with the secretary of the Commonwealth, who, while sympathetic, delivered one of those "tough luck, old chap" messages.

In the United States, Bavadra made even less headway. He wanted Congress to investigate the charges that the U.S. had played a role in overturning his government. He wanted to meet Secretary of State Shultz, but he was out of town. He met with an aide, who temporized. Ironically, Bavadra got the most sympathy from the Black Caucus in Congress—ironic because it was blacks on Fiji who in the cause of ethnic purity had overthrown his largely Indian government.

Finally, Dr. Bavadra described a hopeful meeting he had at the end of his trip with a well-known lawyer, a man who used to be in government, who promised to investigate the charges. Did I know this man, Ramsey Clark? Did I think anything would come of his investigation?

Rabuka scoffs at the notion that he was a stalking horse for the CIA.

While on Fiji, I made no effort to speak with Major-General Rabuka. I had no introduction, nor did I think he would be as accessible as Dr. Bavadra. Nevertheless, I was able to get a copy of *No Other Way*, which he dictated to an Australian and a Fijian journalist after the coups, no doubt to soften his image as a strongman.

To be sure, it is full of asides such as: "I believed I was acting in the best interest of Fiji as a nation" or "I thought to myself 'God is telling me to do this.' " But the book has the fresh quality of a long conversation with Rabuka, who speaks with few doubts about the righteousness of his effort to save Fiji for Fijians.

Rabuka has the look of a mail-order dictator. He often wears a military uniform and a beret, and appears more comfortable in a barracks than at parliament, where pictures taken of him express a forlorn impatience with the tedious aspects of democratic government. A stock photograph shows him in jungle fatigues, reviewing the troops. Others show him commissioning a patrol boat or greeting schoolchildren—playing the role of a father to modern Fiji.

His strongman persona, however, contrasts with what are obviously streaks of geniality. He has a firm, somewhat rounded black face, a full mustache, and a toothy, almost Kennedyesque smile, the kind usually worn by victorious athletes. He exudes a boyish enthusiasm, especially for the camaraderie of sport. In many photographs, if you didn't know he had seized power and suspended the constitution, you would get the impression he was running for local office. Indeed Rabuka's speech is not the clipped growl of a Stroessner or Somoza so much as it is an echo of the homilies and allusions to the Lord usually heard on the stump or perhaps in postgame interviews.

Rabuka says he intervened to prevent a civil war on Fiji. He was the mediator between the left-wing fanatics of the Bavadra government and the *Taukeis*, the nationalist movement of the right that threatened violence to remove the Labor party from power. *Taukeis* had support from native Fijians who were angry that Indians had better jobs and material comforts. He writes: "I had [to take] over the Government, not for power or personal gain, but to save my people from bloodshed."

Rabuka sees in Dr. Bavadra someone with little use for the Great Council of Chiefs, Fiji's traditional ruling bloc. Instead he believes influence in the coalition government comes from India, which in turn is allied with the Soviet Union, or from Libya, where Labor party officials traveled while in opposition. No wonder, he concludes, Dr. Bavadra wanted to declare Fiji a nonnuclear zone and pursue a foreign policy detached from traditional alliances with New Zealand, Australia, and the United States.

Another concern to Rabuka is the 1874 Deed of Cession, the agreement under which the chiefs gave Fiji to the British Empire. Native Fijians ceded the islands to the Queen. Hence, in 1970, when Fiji was granted independence, the land belonged once again to those who had originally ceded it: the chiefs and native Fijians, not postwar Indian immigrants.

Lastly, he says he intervened to make Fiji a Christian state: "If this land is run by Christians, or Fijians who are Christians, everything will be in place."

The earnest, plodding qualities of the book point against an international conspiracy bringing down the Bavadra government. Rabuka needed little prompting to overthrow Dr. Bavadra. He perceived little respect for the army, and that was sufficient reason to act. The night before the coup he sat up until nearly 5:00 a.m., outlining his reasons for a military takeover. Since immortalized as Fiji's declaration of independence, OPORD 1/87 nonetheless reads more like notes for a military briefing than Thomas Jefferson's "On the Rights of Man":

- "Our mission is to overthrow the govt. and install a new regime that will ensure that the RFMF [Royal Fiji Military Forces] and national interests are protected."
- "Coalition is based on Labour Party [Trade Unions] and NFP [Indian Party] supported by WUF [Western United Front] —dissident group. . . . Communist influence spread by Labour, Peace Movement, Church movt."
- "India is a great friend of Russia. . . . Our allegiance to the Crown is threatened."
- "Party members do not trust RFMF . . . Nonalignment will mean pulling out of Sinai—500 (+) unemployed. . . .RFMF morale will nose-dive."

Rabuka scoffs at the notion that he was a stalking horse for the CIA: "I do not know anything about them, and I think they know very little about me." On the issue of mercenaries participating in the coup he says: "Everybody involved in my coup of 14th of May were people I personally picked and trained . . . no foreigners came into the country to help." Nor can he understand the opposition from Australia and New Zealand to the coups: "We wanted to strengthen the links with [them] especially, yet they were the first ones to go." He asks how he could be the marionette of Australian intelligence if Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke was so opposed to the outcome of his coups.

Rabuka insists that his goal is not unlimited personal power, but simply Fijian control of the government, which would respect the rights of Indians and other outsiders: "The only thing we wanted is to give Fijians 40 seats [in the new one-house Parliament], Indians can have their 22, the General Electors [Europeans and other races] can have their 8 . . . Fiji is to be a Christian country. The constitution to be reviewed after every ten years. Those were the only things I wanted."

Nevertheless what he got was a nation that for the moment can

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be run only by a general, and what he introduced was the precedent of military intervention in the South Pacific. For the United States, his presence invites the suspicion, whether it is deserved or not, that it is prepared to play the Great Game even here, on coral islands better known for their fair weather than their threats to American security.

Having ignored the South Pacific for so long, why would the U.S. now decide that Fiji mattered? For some time the U.S. has believed that the Soviets are behind much of the movement in the South Pacific that would declare the region a nonnuclear zone. Perhaps in New Zealand it was local politics that caused the rift in the joint-security agreement, but elsewhere Washington senses invisible red hands behind the agitation to ban nuclear warships.

Under those circumstances, it is easy to see how the U.S. Pacific Command might have reacted to the election of an opposition, nonnuclear party on Fiji. What responsible commander would want to lose calling privileges or landing rights on the largest islands between Hawaii and New Zealand? If the local political establishment also wanted Bavadra out, so much the better. How difficult would it be for the U.S. to turn a blind eye if it learned of plans for a coup on a remote Pacific island?

Certainly the evidence suggests that, odd as it may sound, events in Suva mattered to Washington. Generals like Vernon Walters or John Singlaub don't turn up anywhere on a whim. Or as U.S. Navy Admiral Ronald Hayes, commander in chief, Pacific Command, said to Simon Winchester of the Guardian prior to the coup: "Of all the problems that I see arising in the South Pacific in the coming months, the formation of the Fiji Labor party seems the most pressing. It could lead to all kinds of instability."

• • •

During the time that I was hearing about U.S. complicity in the coup or listening to complaints that it was no longer a friend in the Pacific, but a colonial master, another American came ashore on Fiji. This one brought along his own Boeing 727 aircraft and 151-foot-yacht, in whose wake floated enough celebrity gossip and photo opportunities to satisfy even the grouchiest Hollywood press agent.

Malcolm Forbes, the owner and publisher of *Forbes* magazine, made Fiji a port-of-call on his fourteen-nation goodwill tour of the Pacific. He arrived on the yacht *Highlander* about the same time as his Boeing jet, *Capitalist Tool*, set down at Nadi, bringing along additional passengers for that segment of the journey.

When he arrived, the local press spent several days examining the possibility that Elizabeth Taylor might be on board. Finally that rumor proved unfounded. She would be joining the *Highlander* later. Other than Forbes himself, the only celebrities of note were the editor of *Architectural Digest* and Liz Smith, the gossip columnist, who presumably was the voyage's Darwin. But along the way the passenger list would include Roger Smith, chairman of General Motors, Sadahei Kusumoto, president of Minolta, and the exiled King and Queen of Bulgaria—not to mention Liz Taylor.

The government of Fiji turned out to greet Forbes as though his were a state visit. The papers showed President Ratu Sir Penaia and Prime Minister Ratu Mara leading the magazine publisher to elaborate welcoming ceremonies. Less prominent, but still on hand, was a smiling Brigadier Rabuka. They treated their guest to a luncheon and later a display of traditional firewalking—a ritual of penance and cleansing, not another hardship for Indians under the Rabuka government.

Forbes returned the hospitality with an elaborate party held on the offshore island of Laucala, which he owns. He said the tour was to strengthen the friendship between the United States and the Far East.

"Countries rimming the Pacific," he told his guests, "are increasingly where it's at these days for the businesses of America and for every multinational corporation. What happens in or to any one of us affects all of us."

The president took the opportunity to assure the rest of the world that tourists no longer had anything to fear on Fiji.

"We don't want to look back on what has happened in Fiji," he said. "This is the time to look forward. To look back, we have to apportion blame."

Forbes added: "We hope to get the word to the rest of the world, particularly our neighbors in the Pacific Basin . . . that the sun shines on Fiji."

At one point in the ceremonies, Mr. Forbes arranged for the *Capitalist Tool* to fly low over the beach on Laucala. The picture published the following day shows the money-green and gold airplane, its flaps extended and its wheels down, just above the tree tops. In one corner of the picture is a palm. Nearby are the thatched roofs of Fijian huts.

Below this photograph is another showing schoolchildren in native dress, performing what Fijians call *meke*, which is an epic set to song and dance. At the top of the page is the headline: "Festivity Forbes Style Hits Fiji." It's hard to look at the collage and not think that, once again, the natives are being instructed in the ways of civilization. □

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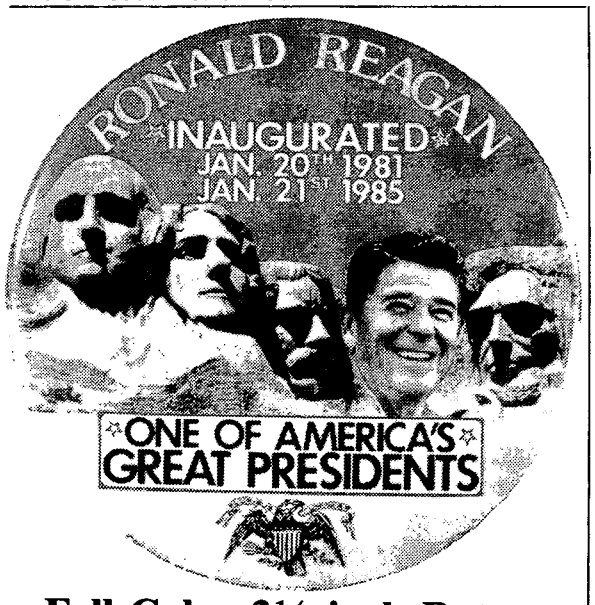
Ron on the Rock

A report on the activities of our Committee for Monumental Progress

by David Shanahan

READERS OF *The American Spectator* need not be reminded that the press was less than fair in its treatment of Ronald Reagan and his presidency. Or that members of America's intelligentsia, so called, dismissed his popularity with odd allusions to luck or magic. Now that President Reagan is ex-President Reagan, these self-delusory seers are breathing relief with the force of fire from a dragon's snout and acting as though the great spellbinder never existed. But just as they all looked on helplessly while our President marched through the Republican primaries and straight into the White House in 1980, they once more look helplessly on as a movement gains momentum that may yet again pass them by, this time on its way up, up, up. A proposal to give proper recognition to the Reagan years has hit like a fever across the land; and with a little effort from conservative organizations, including all tabloid-size conservative magazines, we may just be able to get this project "off the ground," as we here at *The American Spectator* are wont to say.

Specifically, we would like to see that the same resources that helped propel Ronald Reagan and his ideas to the Oval Office be tapped to place his congenial visage onto Mount Rushmore, located somewhere in southwestern South Dakota. This does not mean money—according to our plan, the Reagan head will appear on Mount Rushmore only after a head-tax has been levied on the citizens of South Dakota, who will then be immersed in a windfall of tourism dollars. All we ask is that enough people make their voice heard and their will known.



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The American Spectator, under the valiant leadership of R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., has formed a new committee to play at least a modest role in this patriotic endeavor. It was Tyrrell, after all, who unsuspectingly inspired the project last July 26, when he presented then-President Reagan with an artist's rendition of how Rushmore might appear with our fortieth President set comfortably alongside Washington, Jefferson, T. Roosevelt, and Lincoln. The President smiled graciously and accepted the gift for what it was: a fond gesture to a man who had inherited economic chaos at home and Soviet adventurism abroad, and who proceeded to quell the anxieties of a populace riven by fear.

Fine. But the story kept popping up in the press, thanks to the reproduction of the drawing in John Elvin's influential "Inside the Beltway" column, which appears in the *Washington Times*. When Elvin gave the story yet another plug in early May, it apparently caught the eye of a *Village Voice* reporter who, the following week, discussed the Rushmore project in the *Voice*'s otherwise somnolent pages. Then all hell broke loose. Tyrrell began receiving phone calls from newspapers, magazines, and radio and television stations at a frightening rate. Naturally, to push things further along, he commanded that a press release be prepared and mailed (at once!). And so it was done.

THE PRESS release, admittedly fashioned with the *Spectator*'s penchant for levity, announced the formation of the Committee for Monumental Progress (CMP) to institutionalize the magazine's support of the Rushmore project. CMP was designed to be in touch with modern sensitivities, especially after Senator Larry Pressler (R. SD) expressed concern that "any additional blasting" might harm the 48-year-old monument. Pressler, our research staff has discovered, was instrumental in widening the highway that leads to Rushmore, and hence is not a man we wish to alienate.

"Rushmore was dynamited in 1927 so that the famed sculptor Gutzon Borglum could begin sculpting the presidential facades," CMP's press release stated. "But in keeping with modern environmental concerns, CMP recommends a more sensitive approach in adding Ronald Reagan to the mountain's collection of worthies. The amount of rock chiseled away must be kept to an absolute minimum. Thus we plan to fly in a concrete nose and chin, and possibly a concrete ear. An artist is currently being sought to make a mold of President Reagan's head, which can then be enlarged using advanced holographic techniques. The concrete appendages will be attached and the whole thing suspended next to Abraham Lincoln in such a manner that the mountain's moss may double as Reagan's hair."

And so that those of our friends who appear regularly in *TAS*'s "Current Wisdom" do not feel left out, CMP proposed that the monumental nose, chin, and ear be supplied by the Soviet Union, whose engineers are justly acclaimed as leaders in this field. But if for any reason Soviet industry is unwilling to part with all that concrete, CMP will engage the services of some other Third World dictatorship (excepting the slap-happy Sandinistas, who couldn't produce so much as a concrete toe if you supplied them unlimited funds, a blueprint, and a month in Erie, Pennsylvania).

With the press release duly dispatched, Tyrrell, *The American Spectator*, and CMP hit the media with a sudden splash of ink, and we are pleased to report that the story is taking on a life of its own. The *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *USA Today*, the *New York Daily News*, *Time*, *Newsweek* (its first *Spectator* citation in twenty-one years!), the *Chicago Tribune*, National Public Radio, and CNN, for starters, picked it up all in the span of a few days. A slew of smaller papers around the country pitched in with reports and editorials (some admittedly lukewarm). The *San Jose Mercury News*, for instance, kicked-off its May 18 edition with the excessively cute headline, "Rush on to Chisel Reagan."

"Higher-ups" in the Mount Rushmore Society were immediately alarmed. Tom Griffith, the executive secretary of this pernicious little society, tried in vain to spike our proposal by claiming, "The simple fact is that there is no suitable rock to carve anyone at Mount Rushmore." But why then does he bother adding this: "Why fool with a masterpiece? Would you paint another figure next to the Mona Lisa?" Clearly he feels terrorized by CMP (as does Al Hunt, Washington bureau chief of the *Wall Street Journal*, who on CNN's sprightly "Capital Gang" denounced the current groundswell to affix Reagan to Rushmore as his "outrage of the week"). It is evident, moreover, that Mr. Griffith's credentials as an art critic are in poor repair.

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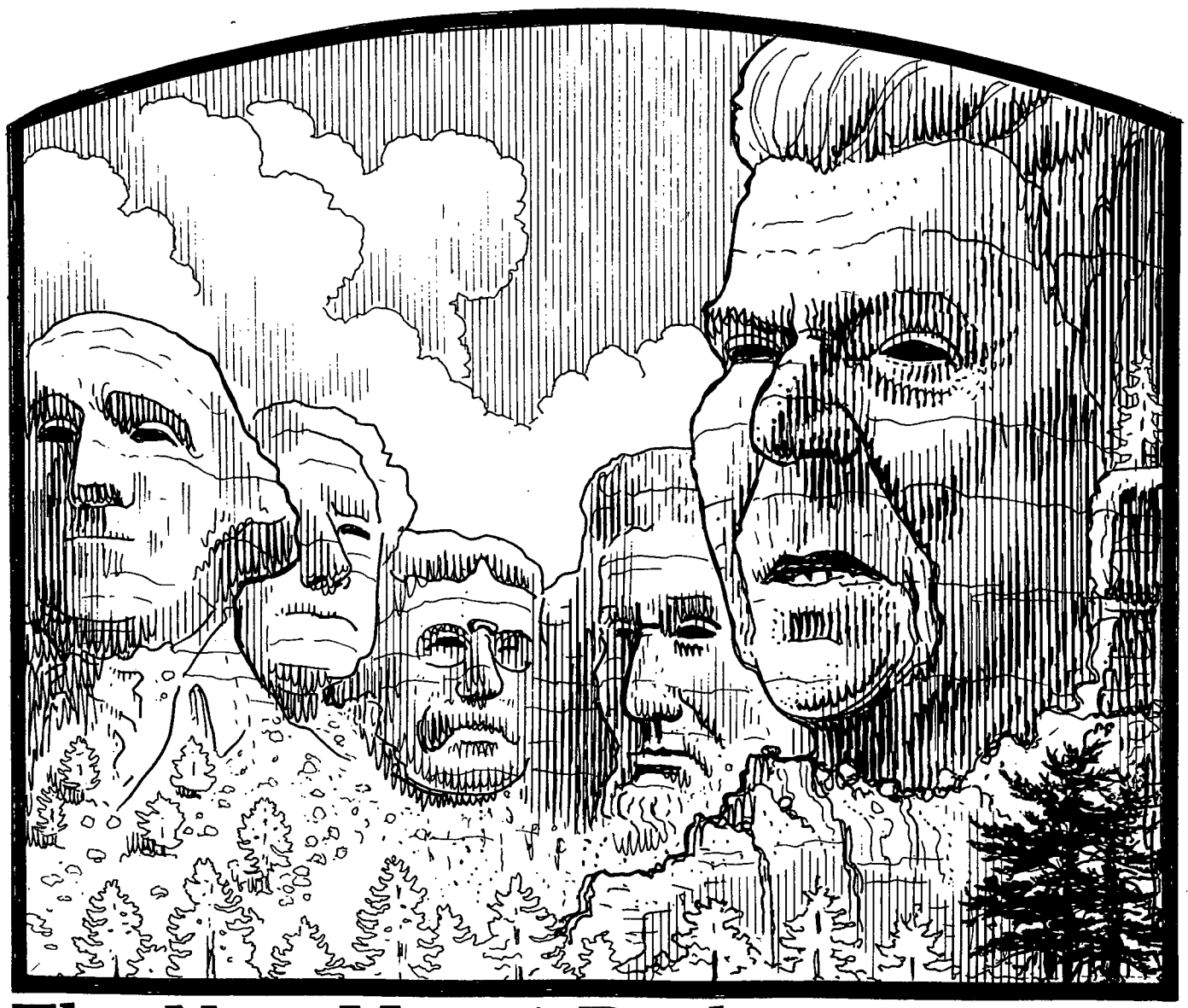

The New Mount Rushmore

TO RESOLVE the dispute, CMP has contacted the Department of the Interior in Washington, D.C., urging them to undertake a feasibility study of at least 150,000 words. We simply cannot take the Mount Rushmore Society's claim of "no room" seriously. The claim is clearly antihistorical: the American presidency did not stop with Teddy Roosevelt, and the Mount Rushmore Society should have realized this when they lit that first stick of dynamite sixty years ago. It is also the cavil of a Luddite. Obviously, through innovative use of laser technology, many more Presidents could appear on Mount Rushmore—at least nocturnally. Calvin Coolidge, for one, would make another splendid addition.

But if it is indeed a genuine problem to have five Presidents physically occupying Mount Rushmore National Park, CMP would like to spark a national debate on the purported greatness of Teddy Roosevelt, who may very well turn out to be expendable. Gutzon Borglum admitted he put TR on Rushmore for the sole reason that the Panama Canal was cut on his watch—a mere technocrat! And environmentalists, of all people, should be clamoring for Roosevelt's head—literally—in view of the brutality this "sportsman" exhibited toward wildlife year after year. He mowed down the gamut of creatures God deposited in North America, from the affable buffalo to the nimble whitetail deer. If Teddy bows out, the Reagan likeness will be cleared for landing between Jefferson and Lincoln, and the Democrats would be placated knowing there will be no net gain of Republicans on the mountainside. (We also believe, incidentally, that considerable thought should be given to effacing the flaky Jefferson, but that is a different campaign.)

Along with discussions about the feasibility of improving Mount Rushmore with what historian Garry Wills so aptly labeled the "Reagan magic," the Rushmore movement has also spurred a growing debate over the success of the Reagan presidency itself. As CMP officials, Tyrrell and I have lately done multitudinous radio talk shows, and the talk invariably focuses on Reagan's accomplishments in his eight-year reign as top executive and commander-in-chief—accomplishments the aforementioned "intelligentsia" would prefer were kept hush-hush. CMP wasted no time in arranging for the first clash on this emotional issue in the national prints, a heated exchange between Tyrrell and Mr. George Thompson of *Florida Today* on the editorial page of the seismographic *USA Today*. "[Reagan] spent more on peacetime defense and less on education, the ill, the homeless and unemployed than any other president, ever. Worse, his legacy included a weak successor chained to a witless promise of 'no new taxes.'" Precisely! Tyrrell chiseled away at each of these yelps and concluded, "Let us have a national referendum, and wise politicians will make it a key issue of the 1990 congressional elections."

ACCORDINGLY, MOST of CMP's efforts will be directed at elucidating President Reagan's genuine successes. For openers, consider the economy. Energy shortages and the "misery index" are ancient news. Jobs are being created faster than people can fill them. The rest of the world is quietly cutting tax rates, not wanting to draw too much attention to its earlier scorn for "Reaganomics." (Incidentally, on May 19, the day a Reagan-for-Rushmore item was sent over the Associated Press wire, the Dow Jones index soared to 2501 with 240 million shares traded, hardly a coincidence.) And one of the Gipper's truly monumental economic achievements was conning liberal Democrats into decrying the evils of federal deficits!

In foreign affairs, who would have predicted eight years ago the drama now unfolding around this tilted orb? Reagan's America catalyzed the forces for liberty now strengthening on every continent save Antarctica, though its penguins are restless. The Soviet Union has been stung smartly thanks to Reagan's support of the mujahedeen, and a Communist regime was heaved out of power in Grenada in a refreshing reversal of history's march. Then, against the fond desires of our liberal elites, our Ron rebuked Gorbo in Iceland by refusing to let go of SDI—a program Reagan single-handedly initiated in 1983 that could quite possibly render nuclear missiles too costly an offensive weapon for the USA's enemies, thereby protecting our fair land and all its contents, including our national monuments. And who can deny that the national mood has swung from gloom to the kind of healthy pride that did in the intelligent Mike Dukakis?

To establish our role in this ongoing national debate, CMP has enlisted flesh-and-blood persons to proclaim the truth that Reagan's epic deeds have indeed earned him a spot on Mount Rushmore. Lyn Nofziger, Peter Hannaford, Victor Gold, John Elvin, Baron von Kannon, Edwin Meese, Anthony Dolan, and countless other notables have enthusiastically agreed to sit on the board of directors, with R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. as its chairman. Clare Boothe Luce has been named a board member emeritus, a bow to her many inspired conversations with Tyrrell on the importance of recognizing the Reagan legacy.

Please join these and other grateful citizens in our ambitious plot to put President Ronald Reagan both onto Mount Rushmore and further into the parlors of enlightened debate. Write your Washington representative today, even if he is under indictment or about to resign. Initiate support groups. Spread public awareness. Raise your neighbor's consciousness. The Committee for Monumental Progress is asking for your help. But remember: we don't need your money, we need your sympathy.

The whole world is watching. □

David Shanahan is the executive director of the Committee for Monumental Progress.

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THE NEW HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

by Peter Keresztes

Sopron, Hungary

From the top of the Karoly observation tower you can trace the jigsaw Austro-Hungarian boundary, which encircles this border town. Called Odenburg in German, it lies in a historically contentious region, control over which passed back and forth between the Hungarians and the Austrians, and later between the German and Russian armies. The frontier was frequently a convenient spot for pursued or pursuer to make a last stand and to do away with prisoners and the wounded.

Like Sopron, Hungary itself has been torn between East and West over the centuries and once again is trying to make a switch: on May 2 scores of Western and Hungarian photographers and correspondents were invited to witness an unprecedented assault on the Iron Curtain. Gleeful soldiers and local civilians began to tear down and cart away the barbed wire and electrified warning fences along the 150-mile Austro-Hungarian border. As work proceeds through next year, patrols will be stepped up to prevent illegal crossings, which in most cases involve non-Hungarians. Drivers on roads near the frontier who stop to stretch their legs will continue to attract the attention of police in unmarked cars and will be ordered politely to move on.

The curtain is of course a uniquely Communist creation. From the Great Wall of China to the Maginot line, boundaries historically were fortified against outsiders, and not to trap citizens on the inside. But during the past four decades East-Central Europeans have been compelled to crawl, swim, and balloon to freedom, braving minefields, automatically firing rifles, and electrified fences. While the East Germans still shoot at those who try to escape, in the Sopron region it's been years since Hungarians have found it necessary to bolt across the mile-wide no man's land or sneak through the reeds of Lake Ferto shimmering to the north. For more than a year now Hungarians have been issued passports for travel throughout the world, replacing red passes valid only for visits to other Communist countries. Austrians and Hungarians don't even need visas to cross their common frontier. Decisions such as the one on the Iron Curtain are within the capacity of the Hungarian party leadership. But replacing the coercive political monolith with genuine pluralism and a run-down command economy with a market-oriented one cannot be accomplished by fiat. Movement in these directions will be far more difficult and dangerous, as the status quo forces within the country and within the Eastern bloc have not yet made their final stand.

In the Hungarian Socialist Workers party, as in the Polish and Soviet Communist parties, Gorbachevite reformers such as populist Imre Pozsgay and erstwhile Social Democrat Rezso Nyers seem to be gaining the upper hand. This spring numerous high-level oldtimers, including former party boss Janos Kadar, were sent packing. A national reconciliation over the 1956 revolution now seems possible. The government has released a list of 270 freedom-fighters executed during the 1957-58 reprisals, and Budapest is bracing for hundreds of thousands to attend the belated funeral of the revolutionary prime minister, Imre Nagy, on June 16, the thirty-first anniversary of his hanging. (His remains and those of four of his colleagues were exhumed in March from unmarked graves in lot 301 of Budapest's New Public Cemetery.) The regime is promising not to deny visas to anyone for the occasion, not even to personages such as Lech Walesa, or Bela Kiraly, who was sentenced to death in absentia for commanding the Hungarian forces in 1956. He now lives in New Jersey. Organizers, wary that some of the authorities may be looking for an excuse to crack down, will be on the lookout to prevent provocations.

Communist reactionaries may well feel desperate. Besides revamping the Political Bureau in favor of the reformists and sweeping the Interior Ministry of some of its more dangerously orthodox elements, the party has even decided to place its 60,000-member Workers Guard under the command of the armed forces (though it stopped short of disbanding the militia). These moves reflect an uncharacteristic responsiveness to public sentiment.

No less significant is that the moves are isolating the current party chief, Karoly Grosz, who would like to see the Nyers-Pozsgay faction leave the party. But the reformers are resisting. In an interview earlier this year in Budapest, Pozsgay pointedly noted that "our party leaders have made clear that they are willing to risk their leadership positions." Pozsgay is pushing constitutional reforms that will bring about multiparty elections and establish a state presidency. This nonpartisan post appeals to Pozsgay, probably the most popular Communist in Hungary today. He would like to see the party consolidate and embrace social democratic principles before parliamentary elections, scheduled for next year.

There is talk in the party of moving the elections forward, stacking odds in its favor. For one thing, no rival group to the Communists exists that could call itself a party—with a program, with candidates, and with an organization. The largest movement, the Democratic Forum, with 12,000 members, is known to be infiltrated by Communists, and in March put off declaring itself a party. Secondly, it's unlikely the current Communist party would modify its traditional behavior just because honorable men like Pozsgay and Nyers dominate the Politburo. While the party reform has had noticeable effect on the top in Budapest, the old cadres thus far have been all but untouched in smaller towns and the countryside.

Questions will remain even if the opposition succeeds in holding off balloting until rival parties can organize and fair elections—supervised perhaps by international poll watchers—can take place. The most notable problem, however, is the presence of the Red Army, notwithstanding the recent departure of 450 tanks and 10,400 of its 65,000 troops in the country. Hungarians are taking advantage of the runaway press freedom to raise questions about the Soviet occupation. "How were Soviet troops 'forgotten behind' after World War II?" asks *Heti Vilaggazdasag*, the weekly economic review of the Hungarian Chamber of Commerce, in its April 29 issue. Neither Yalta, nor Potsdam, nor the 1947 Treaty of Paris provided the Soviet Union with any right to station troops in Hungary (other than a contingency to guar-

Peter Keresztes is deputy editorial page editor of the Wall Street Journal/ Europe.

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antee transit rights to Austria during its occupation period, which ended in 1955). Moreover, the Warsaw Pact, signed on May 14, 1955, makes no mention of deploying troops on the territories of other countries. The presence of Soviet troops in Hungary can thus only be linked to the May 1957 Soviet-Hungarian agreement that gave the Soviet Southern Army stationing rights for an undefined period. After thirty-two years, it may be reasonable to modify the agreement by specifying the duration of the effective occupation.

Furthermore, as *HVG* suggests, the issue should be raised publicly: "If Hungary really intends to become such a legal state where the parliament is at the center of its political life, the national assembly will sooner or later have to make a determination concerning the stationing of foreign troops in Hungary and its terms, particularly in openly promulgated laws." The new foreign minister, Gyula Horn, who has talked about the possibility of a Finnish type of neutrality for Hungary, holds out hope that, as a result of the Vienna conventional arms talks, all Soviet troops will be gone from Hungary by 1995.

An even earlier withdrawal would be a worthwhile goal for the Vienna talks, and for President Bush to bring up during his expected visits to Hungary and Poland this summer. It would emphasize to the Hungarian Communist party that it must prepare to stand or fall on its own under democratic procedures.

It would also send a message to Hungary's nominal allies (though bitter post-Habsburg-era adversaries), Czechoslovakia and Romania. Hungary is at odds with its eastern neighbor over the maltreatment of the 2.5 million-strong Hungarian minority in Transylvania. About 20,000 have fled from Romania to Hungary in recent years. Hungary in March signed the Geneva Convention on refugees, giving it access to United Nations funds to set up camps. Relations with Czechoslovakia are also strained, as exemplified by the recent protest from Prague over Hungarian television's airing of a documentary on the 1968 Prague Spring. Czechoslovakia is also incensed over the Hungarian government's decision, made under intense grass-roots pressure, to stop construction of joint dams across the Danube. The Czechoslovak portions are almost complete.

So while Hungary is scrapping its segment of the Iron Curtain, borders within the bloc itself are becoming increasingly menacing. The reasons are not only political but also economic, having to do with the widening disparities in living standards among the Warsaw Pact countries. Consumer items unavailable or prohibitively expensive in one country can be found in a neighboring one, often much more cheaply. In a perversion of protectionism, draconian export levies and quotas have been established against private exports, often trapping day shoppers at the borders. Accounts abound of Poles willing to pay a 100 percent export duty on Soviet refrigerators and color television sets, obviously expecting to recoup their investments on the home resale market. There are stories of fur coats being taken off the backs of travelers by Polish border guards and of a recalcitrant Hungarian who consumed six-and-a-half pounds of bananas in one sitting rather than surrender the bunch to Czechoslovak customs agents.

Hungarians are champion bargain hunters. Black Monday here has nothing to do with the stock market. It refers to the 60,000 Hungarians who took advantage of their new world passports and a holiday weekend last November to invade Austria armed with hard-currency and to bring back household appliances, electronics, and food items in scarce supply in Hungary. The country's economic planners, trying to bring Hungary's hard-currency debt under control, have been stunned by the hemorrhaging such private imports have caused in its payments balances with nonsocialist countries.

Particularly alarming has been the way citizens have been cashing in on their right to use Hungarian forints to purchase several hundred dollars worth of hard currency every three years—a potential drain of $4 billion on the state treasury, according to the National Bank. Enterprising souls seek out pensioners and others with no intention of going abroad and convince them to exercise their *valuta* (or foreign exchange) allotments. The speculator then takes his clients for a quick round trip across the border to validate the withdrawal and buys their hard currency for resale.

Prime Minister Miklos Nemeth said in an interview on March 31 that the world passport, "for all its beneficial political effects, has been a far bigger economic headache than anyone had expected." A clampdown became unavoidable. In April the government tightened foreign-exchange regulations, imposed higher tariffs, and devalued the currency 11 percent in two stages. Anticipation of the action prompted another shopping exodus into Austria in early April, doubling Black Monday's. Caravans of cars with Siemens, Philips, and Sony cartons strapped on the roofs created 10-to-15-mile backups at the Sopron border crossing.

Iron Curtain or no, it is Western currency that makes travel to the West possible, and it is becoming increasingly scarce. The tightened import rules will not solve the country's fundamental inability to produce goods that are competitive on the Western markets and to earn hard currency. Nor will they do much for the country's general economic deterioration: real incomes are at about 80 percent of the level ten years ago, and seven percent of the population lives below the official poverty level.

Economic overhaul, in short, will prove to be far more difficult to achieve than the evidently contentious changes in the political structure. It's one thing to embrace the principles of property rights and market economics in a broad sense, as the Soviet, Polish, and Hungarian Communists have been doing for some time now. It's far trickier, however, to redistribute farmland collectivized decades ago—and Budapest has yet to move on this fundamental reform. Similarly, despite the introduction of a bankruptcy law, the state's obsolescent industries continue to swallow massive subsidies, as politicians and worker organizations take a second look at the prospect of huge numbers of people suddenly left jobless. Lacking an adequate capital, technological, managerial, and marketing base, the old, inefficient enterprises will not soon be replaced by new ones that can compete on world markets. Inflation, job insecurity, and widening income disparities, meanwhile, pose increasing threats to political reform.

This is not to belittle the changes that have occurred in Hungary—and in Poland and the Soviet Union, for that matter. Political reform is a prerequisite to any peaceful overhaul. But beware: dismantling the freakish apparatus institutionalized during the Iron Curtain's existence will require crossing a no man's land no one has yet survived. □

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UNIONS FLY HIGH

by Irwin M. Stelzer

So New York realtor-Atlantic City casino operator Donald Trump has won the battle for Eastern's shuttle. Or has he? In fact, the unions have won the battle—and may be on the verge of winning the larger war for control of America's deregulated airline industry. And this just when airlines are expanding rapidly and upgrading their fleets. Indeed, so great is the demand for new airplanes that Boeing is struggling to meet customers' orders without sacrificing the production quality for which it has long been famous. It seems that everyone in the airline business is bullish—except for those who have gone or are about to go bankrupt.

Among the cheerful set must be included the unions. After Ronald Reagan broke the air-traffic controllers' strike, and Frank Lorenzo the strike against Continental, most observers thought the unions had been permanently neutered. Not so. Eastern's unions have turned militant. "Are we more militant?" asks Captain Henry Duffy, president of the pilots' union. "Sure we are. It's a sign of the times."

Leaders of organized labor see the strike against Eastern as a turning point, not only in the fortunes of the airline unions but in the prospects for the union movement as a whole. *Newsweek* reported "talk" that the strike against Eastern "might serve as an air-traffic controllers' strike in reverse—a dramatic event that signals the comeback of organized labor." When the machinists walked out on Eastern rather than grant the $150 million in concessions Lorenzo felt he needed to keep Eastern flying, the pilots joined in—and found themselves the darlings of the trade union movement. After all, hatred of Lorenzo is not confined to airline unions: AFL-CIO president Lane Kirkland calls him "the typhoid Mary of union busting."

But there is more here than mere hatred of Lorenzo. Indeed, there is more here than the pilots' nostalgic recollection of the golden days of regulation, when generous wage settlements could be passed on to airline customers. More significant is the emergence of the unions as king-makers in an industry still in the process of restructuring.

Airlines have many assets that dealmakers find attractive: airplanes, landing slots, gates at airports, and a presence on some lucrative routes. But the work force, too, has assets. For one thing, it has the power to promise or to withhold stable, continuous operations. Even more important, it has concessions to put on the table. The unions, for example, can offer to accept changes in work-rules and wage cuts worth hundreds of millions of dollars to some potential buyers, but deny them to others. (Favored status is conferred on the buyer most willing to guarantee seniority rights and to refrain from demanding more from the unions in the future.) Such concessions make the airline much more valuable to the favored than to the disfavored buyer.

Take the case of Eastern. The unions were a decisive factor in preventing Carl Icahn's Trans World Airlines from bidding. "Our pilots' union is concerned about us bringing Eastern pilots in . . . working for less than our pilots." So TWA said it won't bid "unless and until TWA's unions agree that this is acceptable." And they were unhelpful to America West, a Trump rival. Union leaders knew that the Arizona-based airline, one of the few carriers started (with three airplanes) in the post-regulation era that is still around, has no unions. Given America West's plan to run the shuttle with its own staff, it came as no surprise that Joseph Guerrieri, Jr., an attorney for the machinists' union, told the press: "If the shuttle has to be sold, and it's between Mr. Trump and America West, we'd go with Mr. Trump."

Consider, too, financially robust Northwest Airlines. In addition to its growing and lucrative transpacific business, it operates as a near-monopoly on the routes that somnolent regulatory authorities allowed it to grab when it took over Republic Airlines. Near-bust Pan Am (its bonds are so cheap that they yield almost 19 percent, the highest of any non-bankrupt security traded on the New York Stock Exchange), backed by the Bass brothers and others, would like to merge with Northwest to create America's third largest carrier, serving sixty-two countries. Whether such an agglomeration will come about is not certain at this writing. What is certain is that the two carriers' unions will have a great deal to say about the final result: only the bravest money man would finance a takeover in the face of possible strikes and other disruptions to the cash flow needed to cover financing costs. "Unless they can get the unions to go along, it's probably not doable," says Aetna Life's Frank McGann.

Anyone who still doubts the crucial role of the unions in the airline business should consider the following simple arithmetic. Eastern's unions reportedly offered one of their favored buyers, former baseball commissioner Peter V. Ueberroth (whose group dropped out of the bidding at an early point), some $200 million in concessions. That sum, which other bidders less congenial to the unions would have to pay as wages, could be used by the unions' choice to pay interest on perhaps some $1.4 billion in debt. So any favored buyer could quite legitimately borrow more, and therefore offer more for the airline, than could a buyer the unions dislike. "If you have the employees siding with one buyer, that buyer can afford to pay more," notes consultant Mary V. Budgyk.

If this merely meant that the unions ultimately decided which of several entrepreneurs ended up running the Eastern shuttle, or extracting monopoly fares from passengers in the Midwest, or competing on the Atlantic routes with formidable foreign carriers, it would be of no real interest to policymakers. Unfortunately, union control of takeovers means more than that—it is a return to a form of competition-stifling regulation, with the unions acting as the regulators.

To appreciate the character of that threat, one must recall the advantages consumers have reaped from airline deregulation. Since the 1978 Airline Deregulation Act, passengers have saved between $10 and $15 billion per year; airlines now seem capable of earning reasonable profits; travelers can choose from a huge range of price/quality combinations. Deregulated fares have been so attractive that today three-quarters of all Americans have traveled by air; before 1978 that figure was only one-third.

While complaints about crowded airports, lost baggage, and less comely flight attendants abound—indeed, surveys suggest that public enthusiasm for airline deregulation is waning—former Transportation Secretary James Burnley was probably not wide of the mark when he described airline deregulation as "America's most successful populist reform since World War II."

That success is now at risk. Much of the real decline in airfares since 1978 has come out of the bloated wages of the unionized work force (Eastern's ramp workers still make $15 per hour). Unless airline operators fear fare competition more than they do the unions—the case since 1978—they will be inclined to buy labor peace with higher wages. If all lines operating on a route raise wages,

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none need fear: all will have to raise fares.

The only constraint would be the threat of new entry. But barriers to new entry are mounting.

• Gates and landing slots are in short supply. Deregulation spawned the hub-and-spoke system, which funnels most traffic through large, now-overcrowded airports such as Atlanta, Denver, La Guardia, and Chicago's O'Hare. More often than not, a potential newcomer can only get gates if the incumbent he is planning to challenge will make them available.

• Computerized reservation systems (CRS) give airlines that own them (not all airlines do) the advantage of immediately knowing their competitors' fares and seat availability, and of discovering quickly what incentives are required to discourage travel agents from booking passengers onto competing airlines. Some, but not all, of this information now must be made available to all carriers. But Yale University's Michael E. Levine, a former Civil Aeronautics Board member and an old airline hand, argues that CRS owners still have "preferential access to information and . . . advantages both from immediacy of availability and from the difficulty to non-owners of gaining access to information not in reports."

• Frequent flyer bonus systems make it difficult for newcomers to compete with established carriers. Why let your boss save some money by flying on New Competition Airlines when you and your wife can go to Hawaii, free, if you choose Old Incumbent Airways?

These and other barriers to entry are so substantial that Levine concludes that the emergence of a major airline "will be a rare, and not routine, event." So pressure from potential competitors to keep costs down has been reduced at precisely the time when the unions are flexing their muscles. Just as Carl Icahn can't do very much at TWA without the backing of his pilots' union—after all, their clout enabled him to win control of the airline in a bidding war with Lorenzo—so other operators will soon find themselves under the thumbs of, or at least forced to deal with, the unions on matters far removed from wages and working conditions.

For one thing, the unions are against airline debt, sometimes taken on to finance mergers, sometimes used to buy planes, sometimes used to lower capital costs. They fear that the burden of meeting interest payments forces managements to be stingy when it comes to wages, and compels them to demand increased productivity from workers. True. And good for efficiency. But not a good thing from the unions' point of view.

Moreover, the unions realize that the competition that has forced real (inflation-adjusted) fares down since 1978 has also forced wages down. The Eastern strike demonstrates this graphically. Because of reduced service on Eastern's routes, load factors (the portion of all seats filled) have risen. With fewer empty seats the airlines have reduced the number available at discount rates. This is no small matter: Delta's full round trip New York-Atlanta coach fare is $674, its discounted (nonrefundable) fare is $278. Surely the unions, which have become as expert in airline finance as the airlines themselves, can see that some of the extra $396 is likely to trickle down to them. All they have to do is work out the wage-optimizing schedule on each route, impose it on the separate airlines whose work forces they represent, count on gate shortages and other barriers to keep out newcomers, and happy days will be here again—for pilots, who now earn $150,000 per year flying 747s, if not for the grandmother who thought she might fly up from Atlanta to see the grandchildren. □

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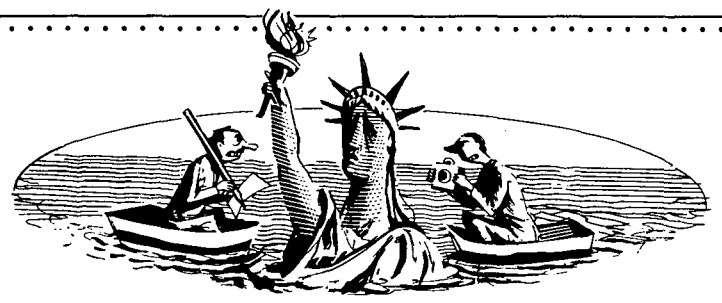

EVIL RUNNING WILD

by Terry Eastland

On the first day it could be reported as "news"—Friday, April 21—the *New York Times* ran an apparently local story on the front of its Metropolitan News section. "Youths Rape Jogger on Central Park Road," said the headline, standing atop a three-column story placed at the fold. A 28-year-old white woman, on her usual nighttime jog in Central Park, had been raped, severely beaten, and left unconscious in a pool of her own blood Wednesday night, around 10 p.m. She was the victim of a rampage by a large group of black and Hispanic teenaged youths—five of whom had by now been arrested.

That first story was fine by modern journalistic standards: the conventional questions of who, what, when, and where had been answered, so far as could be known. Arguably, the placement was wrong, but soon enough the story made the front pages and the networks, as journalism tried to address the remaining "w" question—"why?"

Thus did the Central Park episode explode as a national news story. The search for an explanation took the media up and down the usual highways and byways. Class, race, poverty, anger, boredom, television, advertising, the media, peer pressure, even the poor victim herself—you name it, it was tried, with varying degrees of plausibility. After a while, a few columnists—notably George Will and Edwin Yoder, Jr.—dismissed this search for "root causes" and urged readers to understand the event in terms of evil.

What happened in Central Park is a story at many levels, not least of which concerns a problem of journalism. Journalism—at least the reportorial, newsroom kind—is an empirical exercise. It is not metaphysics or theology. That is why it will tend to "explain" an event the way it "explained" the Central Park assault. But working as strict empiricists, journalists can never adequately explain events because truth cannot ultimately be captured in empirical terms.

The problem is not journalism's alone. As the attempt to account for the rape in Central Park showed, the media never lack for experts and authorities who can provide the necessary psycho- and sociobabble. Thus a Harvard psychologist appeared on one of the Sunday talk shows to declare that the assault proceeded from the kids' "anger." Another professor assured the press that the jogger may have represented "a level of socioeconomic attainment that the media has [sic] convinced everybody is necessary to be an acceptable person."

The problem of journalism is thus also the problem of late twentieth-century elite culture. The vocabulary with which elites work is too narrow, the categories too small; the empiricism they live and breathe too easily devolves into simple determinism, with its denial of free will and moral responsibility. An older tradition is neglected, meanwhile, one which teaches that there is good and evil, and that the individual —whatever his background—is a moral agent who can be held responsible for his choices, even if he is angry, or unduly influenced by television.

But the older tradition is not merely neglected; often it is treated contemptuously, as though those who held to it were stumblebums who must be escorted from polite company. The *Washington Post*, in which Will's column appears, carried letters from Beltway empiricists chiding him for a view that ignores "the causes of [the youths'] evilness" and prevents "us from removing them." Note the relentless cast of mind here that requires an empirical explanation of evil. (As C. S. Lewis remarked in *The Screwtape Letters*, the Devil records his greatest success when he persuades us he does not exist.) But perhaps more notable is the agenda: we must explain evil to find out how to do away with it! Presumably, we can doctor the causes of evil as we might repair an engine that has blown a gasket. The empiricists hope for heaven not *in* heaven (because there is no such place) but on earth, which is all there is. Here, on display, is the sadly provincial mind of modern man.

Occasionally there comes an event or person that shatters the premises of modern paganism. Remember Hitler. Recall Jonestown. Or bear in mind what happened earlier this year in Matamoros, Mexico, where a gang, seeking "demonic protection" from the police, randomly abducted and murdered a 21-year-old University of Texas student who had crossed the border on spring break to quaff a beer or two. Following that event, by the way, Charles Kuralt correctly commented on CBS Radio that here indeed was an evil act.

Trouble is, it can happen above the border, too.

• • •

As I write, in mid-May, the Supreme Court has yet to rule in *Webster*, the Missouri abortion case. But that hasn't stopped some in the press from writing about the case as if the Court had already used it to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*. Consider this headline: "Activists on Abortion/Take Their Crusades/To the 50 Statehouses." And this lead paragraph of the story under it: "The battle over abortion, the single most divisive social issue of the last quarter-century, is about to become 50 battles." Who says? Well, the *Wall Street Journal* says. That's from a front-page story on April 26, the day the Supreme Court heard arguments in *Webster*. And other media organs—such as *Newsweek* (May 1)—had the same perspective. What gives? Are these publications taking sides?

Nope. They're reflecting reality: for the first time both sides in the abortion battle believe that if not this year then sometime soon the jurisprudence of *Roe* v. *Wade* will be changed, enabling the states to formulate abortion policy much more substantially than they can now. This is one of several noticeable trends in the 1989 coverage of the abortion issue.

Another is more sophisticated polling. In the past, polls on abortion have tended to ask one or two simple questions that by their very nature could not reach the complexities of the issue. Partisans on both sides—more often on the pro-choice side—have cited the results of these simple-minded polls in order to claim public support for their views. Lately, however, the pollsters have been asking more detailed questions. And it turns out that Americans are deeply ambivalent about abortion, that their thoughts on the subject are complicated and at times contradictory, and that there is no national consensus on what abortion policy should be. Those were among the conclusions of a *New York Times*/CBS News poll, conducted April 13-16—an excellent example of the welcome trend toward more detailed polling.

Finally, there is in recent media "analyses" a recurring theme to the effect that women will get abortions even if they are made illegal. The not-so-subtle implication is that it is fruitless to outlaw them and that the Supreme Court should not create a legal environment in which that might be done. Thus a Nan Chase, identified merely as "a reporter in North Carolina" (where? Asheville? Greensboro? Kitty Hawk?),

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writes in the Sunday Outlook section of a recent *Washington Post* that abortion "is a fundamental aspect of human behavior"—and therefore morally okay. However the Court rules, she adds, "abortions in America will not stop and probably will not even be slowed."

What is lacking in this kind of analysis is moral perspective. Cannibalism has been a "fundamental aspect of human behavior" too, but does that make it right? Or what about slavery and segregation? They were fundamental aspects of human behavior on this continent for a long time—and still are in other places around the world. Thank God they've been outlawed. And speaking of law, what about its pedagogical force? Does it not reflect moral judgments? Expect such questions to be joined if the Court returns much of abortion policymaking to the states.

• • •

The esteemed editor of this journal has reminded me of one of the original purposes of this column—that I should practice some leakology (the science of leaks). So enough of metaphysics and evil and pedagogy. Back to the faucets of government I go.

Let me report that the faucets of the Bush Administration are indeed open, with stuff trickling regularly into the buckets of some reporters. Understand, I'm not talking about national security leaks but the day-to-day drops of administration gossip fortified with occasional fact. This is an amazing fluid. Call it Leakaide, since it comes from aides, or Leakaid, since it aids journalism. It's the daily drink of the news business. And for all his early talk against leaks, President Bush hasn't cut them off. In fact, his antileak policy has evolved into just the opposite.

There was a period early on, after his election in November, when Bush seemed to be saying, "No leaks, period." In December, White House Counsel C. Boyden Gray revised that to "No *unauthorized* leaks." Gray didn't define what might be authorized and what might not. But you don't have to be a great leakologist to figure out that the Gray amendment effectively permits an aide to leak whatever he himself authorizes and thinks he can get away with. And that's what has happened. In the wake of the Tower defeat, when the Washington press was puzzling over the status of the Bush presidency, the *Post* ran a front-page story on the subject, observing that it interviewed more than two dozen Bush aides for the story—most of whom wished to remain anonymous! One of those later confided to me that he had been in the story. Of course, I won't reveal who that was. I drink Leakaid too.

Among other major leaks this spring, there was the one that stained former President Reagan. Knight-Ridder's Owen Ullman collected a bucketful of anonymous anti-Reagan quotes from top Bush aides. (The Gipper, they said, was "ill-informed, lazy and detached," etc., etc.) Ullman wasn't the only reporter to hear or print such stuff. After Richard Nixon, among others, asked Bush to put a halt to it, the President expressed his outrage and asked that his aides quit jabbering. Still, it strains credulity to think that Bush's concerted effort to distinguish himself from Reagan, at least stylistically, didn't provide encouragement to his aides to dump (anonymously) on the former President. A President can create conditions that promote leaks.

More recently, Chief of Staff John Sununu scolded senior staffers for "airing in public"—leaking—their complaints about the lack of a coherent public affairs strategy in the Bush White House. Now what was interesting about the Sununu lecture is that *it* was leaked to the *Post*. The architecture of this fascinating story, written for the May 2 edition by Ann Devroy and David Hoffman, is worth a detailed study. (The following italics are mine.)

• First paragraph: "White House Chief of Staff John H. Sununu lectured senior aides last Saturday morning about airing in public their 'grousing' over the lack of a coherent strategy in presenting President Bush's message, *senior administration officials said yesterday.*"

• Second graf: ". . . *Two sources* said some White House officials were prepared to offer extensive suggestions on how Bush's efforts to communicate his programs and policies could be improved but chose not to do so."

• Third graf: " 'Sununu said he thought the last week went fine and there were no problems except for people grousing to the press,' *one source said.*"

• Fourth graf: "Last week's trip [a four-day swing by Bush through the midwest and west] exacerbated concerns among *some aides* that the White House staff operation is not functioning well . . ."

• Fifth graf: "[The trip hadn't gone well and the White House lacked an overall communications strategy], *sources said.*"

• Sixth graf: "*According to the sources,* Sununu called the Saturday morning session essentially to review the past week's efforts and conduct what *one official* called a 'reflective self-evaluation' by the staff. But *one official* said the session was preceded by charges and countercharges over who was talking too much to reporters . . ."

• Seventh graf: "*Another source* described Sununu as 'fairly defensive' . . ."

Not until the eighth, ninth, and tenth paragraphs of a fourteen-paragraph story is anyone quoted on the record. Here is Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater: "If there were such a meeting, and I am neither confirming nor denying there was, you know I would not discuss it." Next is David Demarest (the communications director): "You know I won't comment on meetings that do or do not occur." And, finally, Steve Studdert, an aide involved in scheduling the President's trips and public activities: "What Saturday staff meeting?"

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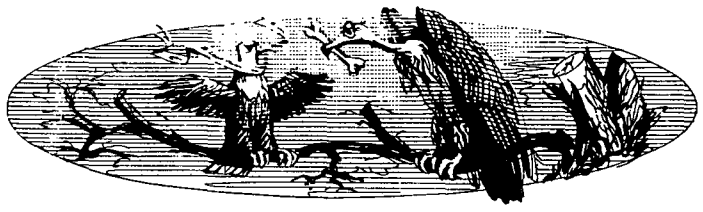
the record toward the end of the story to take the official line—in this instance, neither to confirm nor to deny that the meeting had occurred—while spilling the beans higher up in the story as an anonymous source. Who can doubt that one or more of this trio provided material for paragraphs one through seven? Who can know? In this way aides ingratiate themselves with Washington reporters, who in turn provide them with necessary cover. The aides can communicate their message through the newspapers, which in this case was that Bush and Sununu need a better public affairs program and that, by the by, Sununu isn't doing such a hot job. As for Sununu, the one leaked on (so to speak), the two *Post* reporters apparently made no effort to contact him, though clearly they should have. The story contained none of the telltale signs. There was no "Sununu refused to comment," or "Sununu could not be reached for comment."

I've been wondering whether Sununu, upon reading the story, called in senior aides and then lectured them about leaking the staff meeting. Alas, I haven't been able to get a single White House faucet to work properly. What luck! □

THE NATION'S PULSE



EXTREMISTS IN THE MAINSTREAM

by Victor Gold

Chicago

Barry Goldwater was in mid-campaign form. Asked by a twerp reporter for his reaction to the verdict in the Oliver North case, the 1964 Republican presidential nominee said that if he were President, "I'd pardon him in a minute." When his inquisitor foolishly pressed the point—after all, he argued, North had done violence to the Constitution, shredded official papers, lied—Goldwater, squinting into the TV strobes, snapped, "Look, I've answered your damn question, what more do you want?"

Applause from the crowd, appreciative chuckles from the old hands in the press section. Next batter up.

"How would you have handled the Vietnam war," a reporter wanted to know, "if you'd been elected President?"

Another floater. Had the host committee set these twerps up to ask these questions? The idea behind this get-together, after all, was to commemorate the silver anniversary of the Goldwater presidential campaign, the Charge of the Right Brigade that lost the battle but sixteen years later won the war. Maybe this pre-banquet session under the strobes was meant to be guerrilla theater, a re-enactment of one of Barry's '64 campaign press conferences. Goldwater sighed and shook his head, as if to say, *How many times do I have to answer a question before these guys get it through their thick skulls?*

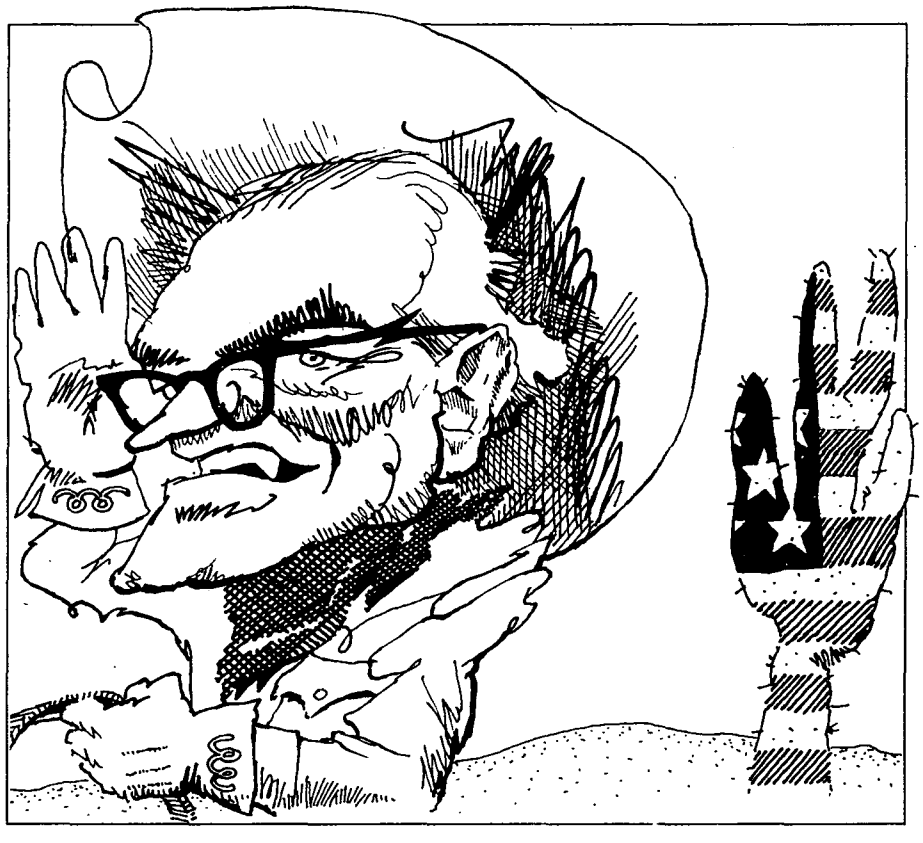
"I'd have given Ho Chi Minh fair warning," he replied, for possibly the 6,000th time. "Either pull out of South Vietnam in ten days or we'll bomb North Vietnam back to the Stone Age."

Applause from the crowd; appreciative chuckles from the old hands; stunned, unbelieving silence from the late-twenty-to-thirtysomething reporters in the press section, those exposed for the first time to the real right-wing stuff. And all these years they thought *Reagan* was a hardliner!

"How would you assess President Bush's performance in his first 100 days?" asked a third reporter, trying to slip through the old man's guard. No such luck. "I don't know who in the hell started this 100-day business," replied Goldwater, "but it's one of the *dumbest* things I've heard lately, and that takes in a lot of territory." Forget the time cap, added Barry; it's still too early to rate the administration's performance. But he'd seen nothing to change his opinion that George Bush would be a great President.

Two hours later, in the grand ballroom of the Hyatt Regency on East Wacker, Bush, by way of a filmed message, returned the compliment, calling Goldwater the political patriarch without whom there would have been no Reagan or Bush Administration.

There were an estimated 900-plus true believers in the ballroom, some of whom had traveled all the way from California and Florida to pay tribute to the uncompromising conservative who had taken on the liberal establishment at a time when the legend of Camelot and the Zeitgeist of the Great Society covered the American political landscape like a thick fog. The reunion was organized by Ken Wright and Steve Baer, head honchos (as Goldwater would call them) of the United Republican Fund of Illinois. Among those seated at the dais were such veterans of the 1964 campaign as Bill Rusher, Clif White, and Phyllis Schlafly, as well as American Conservative Union chairman Dave Keene, who bore witness to the impact Goldwater had had on a younger generation that, in the years following his presidential run, helped restructure both the Republican party and American presidential politics.



For Rusher, White, and Schlafly, however, the night had a special meaning. They were the truest of the true believers, supporting Goldwater for President before Barry himself did. It was here in Chicago, Rusher told the crowd, that the first Draft Goldwater meeting had taken place, not simply to nominate a presidential candidate but to reframe the national political debate along clear ideological lines.

Phyllis Schlafly, who gave the Goldwater campaign its original slogan—"A Choice, Not an Echo"—picked up the theme. She told of the pre-Goldwater years, when the Eastern liberal wing of the Republican party dominated the nominating process and conservatives were said to be outside "the mainstream" of American politics. Barry's nomination in San Francisco changed all that, she added. Though he lost the election, the "Me, too" crowd—the so-called moderates who offered voters only echoes of liberal Democratic programs and policies—were the real losers. Now, a quarter-century later, liberalism has become the "L"

Victor Gold, national correspondent for The American Spectator, *served as deputy press secretary (responsible for, among other things, making motorcades run on time) during the Goldwater presidential campaign of 1964.*

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word of presidential politics and it's the conservatives who swim in "the mainstream."

Clif White, architect of Goldwater's victory over Nelson Rockefeller at the San Francisco convention, picked up the campaign's history at that point, telling of Goldwater's reluctance to run after the Kennedy assassination in November 1963. Barry had looked forward to campaigning against JFK, said White. The two men knew and respected each other, despite their political differences. As Goldwater envisioned the campaign, he and Kennedy would travel together across the country, laying out the issues in face-to-face debates: liberal-versus-conservative, a clear-cut choice between two philosophies. But Kennedy's death, as the Washington line went at the time, killed off two candidacies. Goldwater went into the race knowing he didn't have a chance, running against not only Lyndon Johnson but the Camelot myth. What's more, Barry despised Johnson (the progenitor of the oleaginous Jim Wright school of Texas politics), and also knew that the campaign would end up as one of the dirtiest presidential runs in modern history. LBJ, with his little-girl-and-the-nuclear-mushroom TV spot, didn't disappoint.

For Goldwater's part, he was in a reminiscing mood this night, willing to forget (if not forgive) the libels heaped upon him in that campaign in the all-too-distant past. He doesn't get around as much as he used to, the guest of honor told the audience, but Illinois, his mother's birthplace, had always been good to him.[1]

The one moment in the history of the '64 campaign that Barry did choose to dwell on was that of his acceptance speech in San Francisco, stigmatized by the media (and the "moderates") as the first major gaffe of his losing campaign. Once nominated, he was expected, like all presidential candidates, to mellow, back away from his principles to serve the higher cause of consensus, compromise, and what, in more recent years, has come to be known as "outreach." In short, to forget the people who had worked to get him the nomination and placate the people who had opposed him. But Goldwater was (and remains) Goldwater, and instead he took the rostrum to say what he had been saying all along—with one memorable addition, an aphoristic reference to the issue that spelled out the difference between Goldwater Republicans and their "moderate" opposition.

"You know," Barry told the Chicago ballroom audience, "I got that line about 'extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice' from a college professor, Harry Jaffa. It was borrowed from Cicero, who took it from something Socrates said. But when I said it, all hell broke loose. I didn't think it was a mistake then, and if I had to do it all over again, I'd say the same thing."

Standing applause. Afterward Congressman Phil Crane came on to give the guest of honor credit for getting him into politics and help present a massive bronze bust of Lincoln, to be shipped to the Goldwater home in Scottsdale, Arizona. Then, somewhat inappropriately, everyone was asked to stand and sing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Inappropriate because good fellow though he is, no one has ever accused the Grand Curmudgeon of being jolly. □

[1]Not quite. Here the elder statesman, either out of diplomatic courtesy or forgetfulness, overlooked the dereliction of Mayor Richard Daley's motor police during the '64 campaign. In every city in America, including even heathen New York, the Republican presidential candidate's entourage was given a helpful escort from airport to hotel and back. Every city, save one. In Dick Daley's town, a local reporter let it be known, only Democratic candidates got the "siren treatment." For Republicans, an hour-and-a-quarter motorcade drive during rush hour, with no police in sight, was the general rule.

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THE GREAT CHINESE SALOON SERIES

JAM'S

by William McGurn

Shanghai

So notorious was cosmopolitan Shanghai in the wicked old days before the Chairman and his band liberated this city, missionaries used to say that if the Almighty let it endure He owed an apology to Sodom and Gomorrah. Every manner of vice flourished here, from opium to prostitution to the Communist party, and it was a time when the Green Gang leader Big-Eared Tu would send around a little coffin to the home of anyone who might be thinking of refusing one of his offers. The nicest parts of town were the concessions run by the French, British, and Americans, complete with their own administrations, courts, and police forces. Here too it was that the public gardens bore the infamous sign "No Dogs or Chinese allowed."

Just about four decades to the day after the People's Liberation Army marched in, modern Shanghai is but a shadow of its decadent (and prosperous) past. The foreign devils have been driven out, to be sure, but they evidently took with them the mysteries of plumbing and electricity. The great art deco buildings stand drab and demoralized along the Bund, Shanghai's waterfront Wall Street, and inside the old Sassoon House, founded by one of the city's many famous Sephardic merchants (now, alas, reconstituted as part of the rat-infested Peace Hotel), the jazz band still plays. But it's hard not to notice that the bass has a large crack running up its back.

Needless to say, one of the first casualties of the Long March through centuries of Chinese civilization was bourgeois hootch. But the Chinese are a patient people, and given that there are more than a billion of them, they may rule the world yet. With the Chairman dead a dozen years now and his face getting greener with every capitalist encroachment, the 100 Flowers are finally beginning to bloom. There is a Hilton. The ladies sport pirate Gucci bags and make-up. And as I was soon to find out, the city is even beginning to witness the resurgence of a near-extinct species: the Chinese saloon.

It started over drinks in the elegant lounge of the Shanghai Hilton, located in the middle of the old French settlement. Patsy Whitcomb, a P.R. officer with Seacliff, was the chief instigator. First came Bloody Marys and Scotches in the lounge. From there we moved to Armanacs on the 39th floor. Then, as last call came and went, she made her move. "You've got to see Jam's," she told us. And so at 1 a.m., I and my traveling companion, Sinologist Joseph A. Gregory of Montclair, New Jersey, found ourselves so to speak shanghaied by three resident expats including Patsy and were herded into a tiny cab. After a bit of conversation to convince the driver that we really were just going around the corner, we were delivered to the front of Jam's.

The object of our travel was a teeny stucco-front building with an unpromising pink front door over which hangs a canopy saying simply, "JAM's Bar." Owned and operated by Mr. James Liu, the name Jam's is the happy outcome of a sign painter's mistake (it was supposed to be "James") and an entrepreneur's good sense to go with it. Nor is it the first time history has vindicated Mr. Liu's judgment in this area. He is something of a local hero here, having opened China's first private bar in September 1986, a still-extant concern down the road called The Smiling Bar. Jam's followed within a few months, started up with about 40,000 yuan in capital (roughly $1,100 at official exchange rates). Today it does a thriving business, and after expenses such as the requisite palm-greasing of the various Public Security Bureau officers are deducted, Jam's is rumored still to clear about $2,000 a month—an amount unheard of in China.

Bellying up to the bar in Jam's is easy, because the place is the size of a shoebox. There are seven stools with worn green cloth coverings arranged in an L-shape around an attempt at a butcher's block bar. Along the wall opposite there are four booths, each of which comfortably holds four Shanghaiese or two overweight Westerners. The Marlboro Man stares down from a poster on the side; Remy Martin has supplied the ashtrays; and although the loathsome Tsing Tao is available, customers by and large prefer the five imported brews, especially Carlsberg and San Miguel. The imitation red-brick on the front wall gives the place a welcome cheesy homeyness.

Upon our arrival in Jam's we found the place in full swing, packed with foreign devils who appeared to be divided evenly between Americans and Canadians. Among the former were two who had been with us from the start in the Hilton lounge, Adrian and Barbara Cowling. Barbara precipitated a near diplomatic incident when she delivered a lecture on the evils of American nationalism and then began to sing "O Canada." But the patriots attendant, inspired by the famous barroom scene in *Casablanca*, delivered themselves of a rousing rendition of our own national anthem above which nothing else could be heard.

But for the most part, the evening was refreshingly free of politics, itself a political statement in China. Unfortunately, we did not have the honor of meeting Mr. Liu, inasmuch as the great man was in Panama arranging identity papers that will eventually permit him to vamoose from China if he so chooses. We were, however, well taken care of by his sisters Petty and Xia Jing, the latter of whom everyone calls "Mei Mei," or "Little Sister." A cunning businesswoman who says that bartending is much to be preferred to her old job as a factory hand, Mei Mei is clearly an old-fashioned sort. "I want to work, work, go to Panama and find a boyfriend," she explains, reaching into the fridge for two fresh Heinekens. "Then maybe America."

A slightly different perspective comes from Little Sister's little sister Petty. She is younger—about nineteen or twenty—pert, and confesses to a craving for Whitney Houston tapes. We soon settle into a mutually agreeable arrangement whereby I continue to pay for our drinks in valuable foreign exchange certificates and she in turn pretends to be amused by my conversa-

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tion. "I think the ladies in Hong Kong are much beautiful," she tells me when hearing where I live, and I swear on a stack of Bibles that they're all dogs in comparison to Shanghai girls. But unlike her sister, Petty is not on the prowl. "I think many married peoples is miserable," she explains. "I wait."

Too bad.

And so it goes through the evening, most every evening so long as the boys at the PSB are happy with their squeeze. As the management takes a rather laissez-faire approach to business hours, Jam's tends to close not at any pre-arranged hour but after all the customers have run out of money. Over in the front doorway this evening the Canada-U.S. debate continues on and off, with the Stars and Stripes ably defended by the beautiful Patsy Whitcomb. A few patrons dribble out. And I myself am left with the faint recollection of telling Petty she was the most beautiful girl in the world. Which at the time (4:30 a.m.) I sincerely believed to be true.

Once outside on Wulu Mu Qi Road, the neon sign for Jam's flickers off and we are faced with the militant drabness that is China, a sobering sight indeed. Across the street the back of the Hilton gleams like Oz. With no more prospects for alcohol the mood turns to the consolations of philosophy. "Jam's might not seem like much to an outsider," says Patsy Whitcomb, "but it's all we've got. And we're grateful." □

THE TALKIES

MORE DANGEROUS LIAISONS

by Bruce Bawer

Near the beginning of *Scandal*, the riveting new British film about the Profumo affair of a quarter-century ago, a man and woman stroll the grounds of Cliveden, Lord Astor's sumptuous estate. "It's a world you're born to," says the man—referring, of course, to the British upper-class world to which he has won provisional access, and into which he wants to give her a leg up. "Anyone who wants to enter this world has to be very clever or very beautiful." The speaker is the very clever Dr. Stephen Ward (John Hurt), a vicar's son, high-society osteopath, and "connoisseur of sin" who considers it his vocation to "liberate" working-class beauties into the bedrooms of England's movers and shakers; his companion is the very beautiful Christine Keeler (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer), whom he has plucked out of a burlesque show and whom he—being something of a cross between Henry Higgins and a pimp—has moved into his London townhouse, given a new hair color, and trolled past some very big movers and shakers indeed. Before long, Christine has entered into clandestine affairs with both John Profumo (Ian MacKellan), the secretary for war in the new Macmillan government, and Eugene Ivanov (Jeroen Krabbe), the Soviet naval attaché, and has managed also to link up her best pal from the chorus, the vapid Mandy Rice-Davies (Bridget Fonda), with Stephen's friend and benefactor Lord Astor.

Clearly, these are a couple of lucky bimbos. But it can't last. Why? Partly because Christine is not your ordinary tart. She has a certain stubborn intelligence (remember, we're talking about *movie characters* here, not the actual people upon whom they're based), a perverse pride; though she's a good-time girl of the first water, it's important to her that, technically speaking, she's not a prostitute, having never taken cash in explicit exchange for sexual favors. If she has a tragic flaw, it is that she actually appears to feel guilty about the way she's used her charms: her attraction to dangerous members of the underclass, for instance, seems a manifestation of an unconscious desire for abasement, punishment, even self-destruction. She's certainly not as enthralled by Profumo's position and wealth as many girls would be; in fact, when he offers to set her up as his mistress in a flat of her own—an achievement that, for most girls in her position, would represent a consummate victory—she refuses to bite, preferring to stay with Stephen, the one man whom she truly loves (and one of the few with whom she's never slept). "He needs me," she explains to Profumo. (On one level, it should be noted, this film is far less about Profumo than about what the publicists might call the "very unusual love story" of Christine and Stephen.) Far from being flattered or moved by her rejection of Profumo's offer, however, Stephen is angered by it; and when a murderously jealous black dude with whom she's become involved shoots a few holes in Stephen's front door, the good doctor sends Christine packing—directly, as it turns out, into the waiting arms of a tabloid reporter, to whom she begins to spill her whole sordid story. Bit by bit, and less (it would appear) out of vengefulness or even greed than out of an irresistible compulsion to confess, Christine brings the whole lot of them down: Profumo, Stephen, Astor, all.

Those who remember the Profumo affair (which didn't make it into the pages of my own chief news source at the time, the *Weekly Reader*) will recall that the scandal unfolded, over a number of months, in a dizzying series of as-told-to newspaper exposés, public apologies, betrayals, court cases, a resignation, and a suicide. All this is drastically telescoped in the film (which, we are told, was originally to have been a four-part television miniseries); the extremely interesting later lives of the scandal's principal players are relegated to brief summaries preceding the closing titles. Like the equally gripping *All the President's Men*, in short, *Scandal* doesn't have a satisfactory dramatic wind-up: it just stops.

To be sure, in order to cover the scandal and its aftermath effectively, the film would have had to be at least twice as long as it is, or would have had to give shorter shrift to the material that it *has* concentrated on—the psychology of the principals, the ways they meet and get to know each other, the feel of their relationships. And for director Michael Caton-Jones and writer Michael Thomas to have chosen the latter route would certainly have been a mistake, since the movie's chief strength, I think, lies in its painstaking, subtly ironic delineation of the characters and their interactions. With the exception of Mandy—the classic blond airhead who, when she appears on the steps of a courthouse after testifying, waves and blows kisses to the crowd like a starlet at a movie premiere—they're all fascinatingly complex.

Profumo, for example—a potential prime minister whose political career is utterly destroyed by the scandal—proves to be sensitive and gentlemanly, a far less randy and more honorable sort than most of the other M.P.'s whom we see up close in this film. And Stephen, for his part, is both morally and sexually ambiguous: carousing with his parliamentary buddies, he rhapsodizes about the delights of promiscuous sex, but never makes a move on Christine—for whom he truly cares and wishes well—and isn't known to be consorting with any other girls. (Nor, despite certain rumors, can he be linked to any particular men.) All four of these principal roles—Christine, Mandy, Stephen, Profumo—are intelligently and vividly acted; the picture is worth seeing a second time simply to appreciate the remarkable way in which these paradoxical characters are captured, made believable, and even rendered sympathetic by the leading actors.

Where *Scandal* is somewhat less successful is in its implicit attempt to make the Profumo affair seem even more significant than it really was. Granted, it was *extremely* significant: it helped topple the Macmillan government, and, like Watergate, may be said to have opened a nation's eyes to various unpleasant (and undying) truths about the moral conduct of many public servants. But Thomas and Caton-Jones aren't satisfied with that; they would appear to want us to read their film—on one level, anyway—as an object lesson in the evils and hypocrisies of the English class system. One feels encouraged, for instance, to take seriously Stephen's image of himself as a crusader against class barriers, to admire

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Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer.*

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him for his efforts in this regard, and to see his downfall as a tragic consequence of his brave challenge to the system. More broadly, the film seems to imply that the Profumo affair—by demonstrating the moral bankruptcy of the ruling classes—played a major role in the fall of the old England of traditional values, of prosperity and world power, and of government by old-boy Oxbridgeans, and the rise of the anomic, morally jaded, increasingly multi-ethnic Britain of the late sixties and beyond. For the first hour or so, the film's musical score consists largely of Verdi arias and Sinatra and Nat King Cole ballads; then, when the scandal erupts, the score switches suddenly to the Beatles (including, appropriately, "Do You Want to Know a Secret?")—as if to imply that, thanks largely to the Profumo affair, the romantic illusions associated with the pre-rock fare have been banished from England forever. It seems a bit much.

Even the scenes of upper-class depravity in this film have a rather quaint, old-fashioned quality. There's no Caligula in this crowd: in one scene, Stephen throws an intimate "sex party" at which respectable-looking men in Savile Row suits carry on like horny pubescent boys, rolling their eyes at cheap chorines, grabbing at their naughty bits, and giggling over a three-foot-high phallus that serves as the centerpiece of an otherwise elegantly appointed dinner table. The atmosphere is pure frat party. One doesn't doubt for a minute the lustiness of England's upper classes—but could the men who walked Britain's corridors of power in the late fifties and early sixties really have been this puerile, this vulgar? (Conceivably, I suppose; as I say, I was busy reading the *Weekly Reader*.)

And as long as we're asking questions, isn't there something just a bit dishonest about a film that manipulates the viewer into a feeling of sympathy for such people as Christine, Stephen, and Profumo, even as it depicts cops and reporters as uniformly, and uncomplicatedly, crass and corrupt? One has only to glance at certain documents in the history of the Profumo case to realize how much has been omitted, sanitized, distorted in this film. In her memoir *My Life and Lovers*, for instance, Mandy Rice-Davies tells of walking in on Stephen Ward "to find him, for no apparent reason, swinging Christine Keeler's cat round by the tail and laughing as he did so. When I protested, he merely sniggered and tossed the poor creature into the corner of the room." Not even John Hurt, I submit, could make the average moviegoer in 1989 care much for such a person. A puckish but good-hearted sensualist? Fine. But a sadistic cat-swinger? Forget it. (Yes, Miss Rice-Davies may be lying about Ward and the cat—but then that makes *her* something other than the harmless doxy the film would have us believe in.)

Such concerns notwithstanding, however, *Scandal* is on the whole an admirable piece of filmmaking—a shrewd and full-blooded treatment of the sort of fact-based story that has inspired many an inane, one-dimensional movie in recent years. One of the things which make this picture so absorbing—and which make it seem far less sensational and exploitative than it might—is its relentless attention to the moral dimension of its principal characters and their acts; one has the impression that Thomas and Caton-Jones have made it their goal to take a certain set of widely familiar and (on first glance) ethically unambiguous facts and to explore the complicated—and even paradoxical—human truths behind them. Highly dubious though some of their elisions, emphases, and implicit moral verdicts may be, the creators of this film are nonetheless to be congratulated for the seriousness of their approach—and for the thoroughly engrossing film that has resulted. □

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Elizabeth Kristol

Thirteen billion years ago, things were really great. There was a lot of oneness back then. Things were still harmonious when earth was formed 5 billion years ago, since there was a sense of connectedness between cells and stars. Life got slightly more complicated when the first penis made his appearance 200 million years ago, but the assorted life forms around at the time managed to adapt to this novelty, and for the next 199,996,000 years things cruised along pretty happily until the Bronze Age.

Even before the galaxy went coed, female-type creatures were blissed out and full of pride. And no wonder: they had been running the show for a couple of billion years.

This news may be of limited relevance to most contemporary women, many of whom are too lazy to date their prehistories any further back than junior high. But for feminist historians, these watery years are a source of immense comfort, and the subject of much scholarship. There is a turf battle being waged on the history front, and the turf is no less than the origins of the universe and the evolution of the human species. A glance at any one of a number of works on women's history reveals that women—or at least slimy female life forms—got there first.

"In the beginning . . . was a very female sea," Monica Sjöö and Barbara Mor begin their *Great Cosmic Mother* (it is from them we learn the shelf life of the penis). "The story of the human race begins with the female," echoes Rosalind Miles in the opening of her *Women's History of the World*. Every single person alive today, these authors tell us, is descended from a single female DNA ancestor. Not only that—and this is no idle locker-room talk—the female X-chromosome is *three to four times longer* than the male Y-chromosome, and a single egg is *several hundred times bigger* than a sperm.

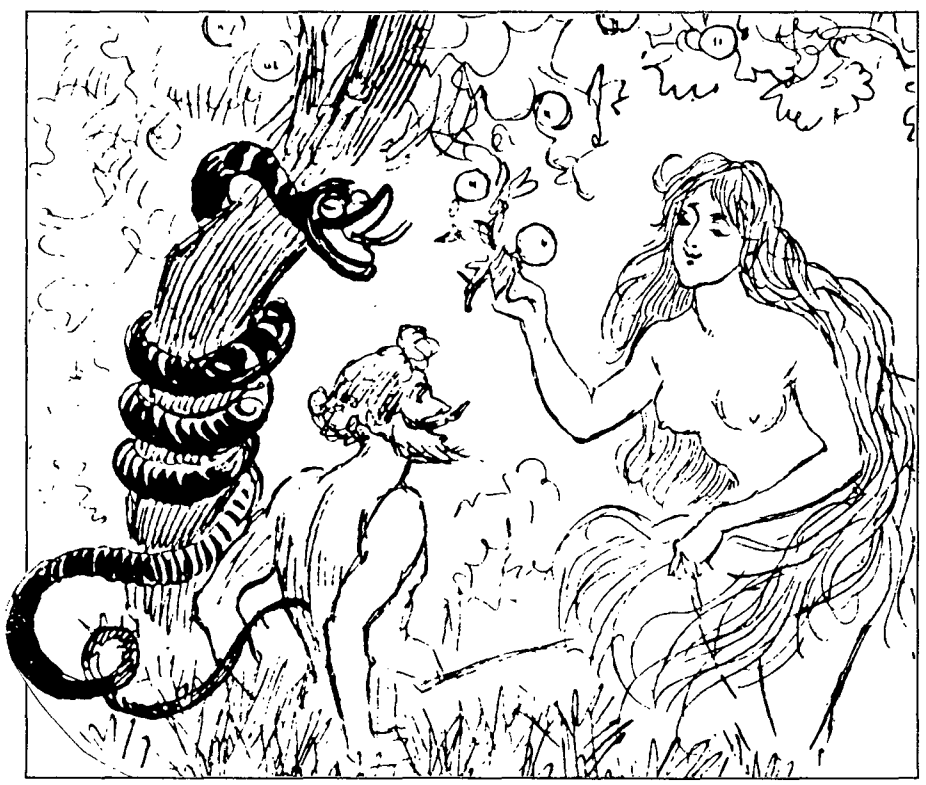
Wanna step outside?

Whether Ur Not

Glory days had to flow from such auspicious beginnings. And, in fact, although prehistoric woman may not have had a long life (she usually died before the age of twenty), ironically enough, it offered a richness and satisfaction that has yet to be equalled. The Stone Age sponsored an elaborate continuing ed program, with course offerings in all levels of cooking, pottery, weaving, and jewelry-making. Women also ran food co-ops and day-care centers. But mainly, according to these books, Neolithic women were inventors, producers, scientists, physicians, lawgivers, and artists.

Truth is, says Miles, women back then "had a *better* chance of freedom, dignity and significance than many of their female descendants in more 'advanced' societies." Men weren't insecure in those days, so they weren't threatened by women's survival skills, and they felt no need to boss women around or take away their property or tell them whom they could have that newfangled frontal sex with. "Today's 'civilized' sisters of these 'primitive' women could with some justice look wistfully at this substantial array of the basic rights of women," concludes Miles.

But tragedy struck. The momentum generated by such relentless superiority spun out of control. "Woman was everything; [man] was nothing. It was too much," writes Miles. "It was nothing less than a revolution: of the weak against the strong, of the oppressed against their oppression, of value structures and habits of thought." Thirty thousand years of being overshadowed by women and their accomplishments was more than the creature with the puny chromosome could take; he rose up in rebellion, a rebellion that persists to this very day. In a desperate effort to lash out at women, men began to bombard them with images of an all-powerful phallus, to change agriculture from a sweet and gentle nurturing of the land to a coarse exploitation of the soil using harsh tools, and to invent monotheism. Phallic worship, interestingly enough, had been invented by the Great Goddess for her own private purposes, but men soon turned it to their advantage so that, after a while, the worship of the phallus became confused with worship of the male, which paved the way for the eventual subjugation of the female as exists in all Western nations today. Monotheism, invented about 3,000 years ago, was an especially cruel trick, since it introduced into the universe the notion of hierarchy; where for eons the Great Goddess had been egalitarian—in that pagan way She had—monotheism brooked no equals.



Yo, Mama

"God was female for at least the first 200,000 years of human life on earth. This is a conservative estimate." Actually, Sjöö and Mor's numbers are a little high; most feminist theologians place Her age at a trim 25,000-30,000. That the Great Goddess existed for centuries before God was just a gleam in man's eye has in recent years been asserted in even the most mainstream of feminist publications.

From the feminist theologian Rosemary Radford Ruether to the pages of the radical feminist/New Age magazine *Woman of Power*, we see women harkening back to their prelapsarian days, by paying homage to the "Original Mother without a Spouse." Part of the appeal of Goddess worship seems to be a hope that earthbound women would be better off with a female goddess at the helm. During the centuries the Goddess held sway, the theory goes, women were not just taken care of, they were affirmed on every deepest level. For 30,000 years there was a nonstop celebration of menstruation, pregnancy, and childbirth. Women felt so comfortable with themselves back then, in fact, that they invented tools, agriculture, spoken language, textiles, tampons, fire, the calendar, the alphabet, and abstract thought.

There is a scholarly dispute over whether the Great Goddess was bisex-

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ual or merely lesbian. This is complicated by the fact that, in ancient artistic renditions of her, she is often portrayed as a hermaphrodite, making it theoretically possible that she could be any combination of things. But the consensus among feminist theologians is that the Great Goddess, as she has persisted until today, is fundamentally a triple goddess: virgin/mother/crone ("crone" being, in the feminist lexicon, a positive term referring to a "wise one"). A recent issue of the Cambridge, Massachusetts-based *Woman Power* contains nine articles dealing with Goddess worship. The magazine's classified section announces Goddess-oriented workshops, conferences, retreats, calendars, gift items, and author queries (e.g., "Wanted: Great Goddess Experiences—Bay Area writer seeks *true stories* of actual experiences with the Great Goddess for forthcoming book . . .").

An Embarrassment of Witches

Hand in hand with Goddess worship in contemporary feminist thought is the increasingly dominant wiccan movement. The persecution of witches in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is, for feminist historians, evidence of the degree to which post-Neolithic men have been threatened by women's powers—especially their reproductive and sexual powers. Rosemary Radford Ruether, in her 1985 book *Women-Church*, presents a number of new liturgies and religious rites. Her "Remembrance of the Holocaust of Women," loosely modeled after All-Saints Day, includes a lengthy litany of witches persecuted and killed (with details of the precise methods of torture), followed by a more general Litany of the Oppressed (to be recited antiphonally), and concluding with all members of the congregation eating apples.

Rosalind Miles maintains that the "gynocide" of the late Middle Ages was a direct response to the "astonishing upsurge of women's political power worldwide"—a phenomenon for which she provides a time-line of fairly unconvincing examples. A typical entry reads: "1028: Asma, the ruling queen of the Yemen, succeeded by Queen Arwa, her daughter-in-law, bypassing the Sultan, Al-Mukarram, with his consent."

The current view of witches places them somewhere in the camp of social workers, except not quite so evil; many witches, apparently, were simply healers ("shamans") and midwives. Why such do-gooders routinely found themselves stretched on a rack or used for kindling Sjöö and Mor explain: "Witches were independent of mind, they were of the people, and they served the Goddess, the native Goddess of Neolithic Europe, not a male god imposed by Roman imperialism." They offered "real healing through anciently tested herbal knowledge" and had a keen social conscience besides: "Their covens were correctly suspected to be meeting places for revolutionary peasants."

Sjöö and Mor believe that the Great Goddess and the original witch share a common spiritual source. Incredibly, the original witch embodied some of the very same subject categories under which a scholar living in the latter part of the twentieth century is most likely to receive an NEA grant. She was "black, bisexual, a warrior, a wise and strong woman, also a midwife, also a leader of the tribe." The "wiccan nature" which emanated from her over the centuries is, by this account, "the original nature of all women." So closely is today's wiccan movement allied with the larger Goddess movement in theology that the editor of *Woman Power* can simply refer to upcoming articles on "the Wiccan/Nature/Goddess traditions"—that whole neopagan *thing*.

Flour Power

"Behind the vivid foreground of popes and kings, wars and discoveries, tyranny and defeat, working women wove the real fabric of the kind of history that has yet to receive its due." Miles's observation may have held some truth twenty years ago, but the sort of history she describes has since received its due many times over. The recent focus on Stone Age women, sixteenth-century midwives, or Welsh schoolchildren is the result of a very deliberate regrinding of the lens of history. The shift in emphasis, notes Joan Wallach Scott in her *Gender and the Politics of History*, has been immensely useful to feminist historians. " 'Her-story,' " writes Scott, "developed in tandem with social history; indeed, it often took its lead from the methods and conceptions developed by social historians."

Marxists wrested history away from extraordinary individuals and great events in order to give voice to the downtrodden—a belated vote to the disenfranchised. And though Marxist men—worse yet, British Marxist men—invented social history, it is women who have made out like bandettes. Having for years craved "a room of their own" (Scott, Anderson, and Miles all make use of Virginia Woolf's image), feminist historians have pooled their intellectual savings and are busy furnishing this room to the hilt, each adding her own decorative touch.

All have encountered the same obstacle. Social history, when done correctly, is incredibly boring. That is not its fault; after all, it is only with the greatest of patience—and because one has a genuine involvement with the person sitting across the dinner table—that one can actually bear to listen to the details of another human being's day: "I handed in my report, but Steve made me revise the section on micromanagement initiatives, and then, I couldn't believe it, but that new secretary *still* hasn't learned to use the Apple, and she forgot to set the tab marks and all the paragraphs got screwed up and the whole thing had to be reprinted and recollated."

And that's the people we love. It must be martyrdom when women historians pursue what amounts to a canonization of the nonevent. Anderson and Zinsser are good social historians; they are careful to present their material unlaced with polemics and ideological cant. Reading their research, though, bears an eerie resemblance to suffering a stroke, as first one limb then another slowly goes numb.

Sometime earlier this century, in the Soviet Union, a beet-grower had a bad day. We know this because she went on record. "Altogether up to 400,000 seedlings are pulled up from each hectare," she reported. "And you have to bend over every one of them, have a good long look at some of them; you don't choose immediately as if one were as good as another. And from the first the weeds have to be pulled up. Your back aches and your feet grow heavy."

On the other hand, sometime back in the fourteenth century, a burgher's wife had a *good* day, because she "no longer had to fold and store the furniture. The large rectangular table remained standing in front of the fireplace. Chests, stools, chairs, and benches were arranged along the walls. The master of the house had his carved chair with cushions. By the sixteenth century, chests had evolved into cabinets for storing linens and clothing. Eating utensils now included plates, cups or goblets, forks and spoons. In fifteenth-century Italy, glass and ceramic became cheaper than metal, and different kinds of tableware began to multiply."

Wait a second—what was that part about the goblets again?

An ideological lens inevitably introduces distortion, but the reader is tempted to strike a faustian bargain if a small dose of ideology promises to make the detritus of other people's lives more interesting. Scott, more an intellectual historian than a strictly social historian, is careful to keep larger points in sight. Her chapter on "The Politics of Work and Family in the Parisian Garment Trades in 1848" is far more readable than it sounds, by virtue of the questions she raises concerning the labor movement, economic competition, and shifting political identifications—issues which are significant in their own right.

"Oh Gross! *Then* What Happened?"

There is another time-honored way of making things more interesting, which is to sensationalize. Rosalind Miles's book is dizzyingly entertaining, but only in the guilt-ridden way that one stares, mesmerized, at a bad accident on the road, knowing that if one had better character one would avert one's gaze.

Her technique is simple: she tells us (1) every disgusting thing women have ever been made to do; and (2) the precise components that account for the disgustingness. It would be enough, for example, to know that Arctic women cured leather. Instead we are informed that "women chewed the raw pelts of dead birds to soften them for wearing next to the skin. They also cured larger hides by rotting them till the putrid blubber and hair could be scraped off easily, sousing them in urine to clean them, then massaging them with animal brains as dressing."

And how was *your* day?

Such historical diligence applied to sexual topics produces awesome results. It is best not to mention what Casanova did with a half-lemon, to what purpose certain wives put the left testicle of a weasel taken alive before the sun went down, the subtle nuances in chastity belt design, exactly what happened to child brides, or the many, many, *many* methods of female circumcision. The surfeit of detail supplied makes some of these chapters read like a how-to manual; this is definitely not a book you would want to fall into the wrong hands. There is no question that had this material been written by a man and been published in any other than textbook form, it would be dismissed as pornography.

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From the historian's point of view, though, there are distinct tactical advantages to jazzing up history. For one thing, it is difficult for a reader to be prurient and critical at the same time. It also causes us to lower our guard against generalizations. Still reeling from a spellbinding tale, we are unfazed, for example, when Rosalind Miles casually mentions that "these individual tragedies are merely representative of thousands upon thousands more."

All Together Now

The world is a rich and varied place, but not so rich as to encompass the factual and philosophical contradictions that exist in women's history:

- There is no such thing as God, but she is female.
- The Goddess was loving, nurturing, and scrupulously egalitarian, but under her rule, men rebelled with such a vengeance that they are still seething 4,000 years later.
- Contemporary women are fully justified in revolting against 4,000 years of oppression, but men had no right to rise up against 30,000 years of oppression (200,000, if you accept Sjöö and Mor's estimate).
- Biology isn't destiny, but you wouldn't *believe* how long the female chromosome is.
- Facts are the meaningless creation of men intent on imposing a false order on a naturally fluid universe, but it is important to remember that in eighteenth-century Sologne, bolsters, covers, and featherbeds accounted for 40 percent of the family's assets.
- History isn't linear, but all life stems from an original female life-form, and everything follows from this fact.

Those historians who do notice the contradictions within their work have a hard time digging themselves out. Joan Wallach Scott devotes large parts of her book to examining how one can write women's history without becoming marginal, and how it can be arranged for men and women to be, not equal to each other, not different from each other, but—well, some new transcendence of opposites.

You can hear the wheels spin:

> The resolution of the "difference dilemma" comes neither from ignoring nor embracing difference as it is normatively constituted. Instead it seems to me that the critical feminist position must always involve *two* moves: the first systematic criticism of the operations of categorical difference, exposure of the kinds of exclusions and inclusions—the hierarchies—it constructs, and a refusal of their ultimate "truth." A refusal, however, not in the name of an equality that implies sameness or identity but rather (and this is the second move) of an equality that rests on differences—differences that confound, disrupt, and render ambiguous the meaning of any fixed binary opposition. To do anything else is to buy into the political argument that sameness is a requirement for equality, an untenable position for feminists (and historians) who know that power is constructed on, and so must be challenged from, the ground of difference.

A bit wordy, but the message is clear—and honest. Feminists are navigating tricky waters between asserting equality with men and declaring their difference (difference being a double-edged sword, conferring both privilege and discrimination). Scott's dilemma is that, morally, she cannot countenance opposing equality, but she is shrewd enough to sense that the route to power lies with difference. Is it possible, she wonders, to create a notion of difference that will be kept on such a tight leash—a *woman's* leash, needless to say—that it will never work against women's advantage? "Is it possible to think about difference without reference to a standard or norm, without establishing a hierarchical ordering?"

Scott is aware that a similar problem plagues women's history: it deliberately sets itself up as an alternative, but this permits the historical establishment to dismiss it as marginal. Her concern is strictly political: she isn't worrying whether some of the feminist research being undertaken isn't *intellectually* marginal but only that it might be *perceived* as marginal, thereby diminishing women's power.

In her conclusion to *Gender and the Politics of History*, Scott offers up her solution: historians and political scientists and philosophers should work together to redefine the words "difference" and "equality" so that they don't contain any contradictions any more.

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?

Too many contradictions is usually a sign of trouble, the sheer nervous collapse of an argument being pushed beyond its limits. And in truth, women are making far too much of history. Of course the writing of history is important, as are the concepts and terms history introduces into common parlance. But it is not nearly so powerful a discipline as feminist historians insist. This raises the interesting question: Why would one exaggerate the power of the enemy?

One would exaggerate it if one felt there was a chance to capture it and make it one's own. This helps explain the disturbing necrophiliac tendencies in much of feminist history, as authors rush to embrace the very concepts they have just killed off. The same phenomenon occurs when feminists take on language and religion, and for the same reason: women recognize that these three realms *wield* the greatest political and social power, and they therefore assume these realms *confer* the greatest power.

But power isn't like a currency that can be passed from hand to hand—let alone be stolen. It is intimately linked with the creative forces that brought it into being. There is no question women's histories are capable of being imaginative; often too much for their own good. But crocheting pasts is a far cry from creativity. What would be truly creative, at this point, is if feminist historians permitted their gazes to drift away from the "power structures" they so covet and allow *them to fall on* historical topics that are genuinely in need of attention and illumination. As it happens, that is a real route to power. But it's probably best not to tell *them* that. □

STILL THE LAW OF THE LAND?
ESSAYS ON CHANGING INTERPRETATIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION

A damning indictment of how the Supreme Court has bypassed the U.S. Constitution and the amendment process in its zeal for social engineering. Contributors are: J. Clifford Wallace, Edward J. Erler, Lino A. Graglia, Edwin Meese III, Stephen J. Markman, Charles E. Rice, Glen E. Thurow, and Avi Nelson.

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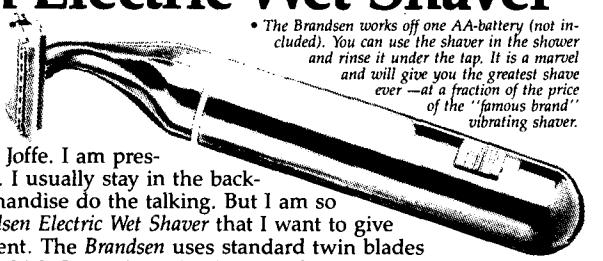

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GOLDWYN: A BIOGRAPHY

A. Scott Berg/Alfred A. Knopf/579 pp. $24.95

Thomas Mallon

He was the greatest indyprod of them all—an indyprod being not a goad for Hoosiers but Hollywood shorthand for independent producer. Samuel Goldwyn spent the bulk of his career having absolutely nothing to do with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "For one million dollars," writes A. Scott Berg in this almost excessively authoritative biography, "Goldwyn was bought out of the company that would thereafter bear his name." That happened in 1924, and for decades afterward, as he independently produced "one picture at a time," the inclusion of Goldwyn's name between Metro and Mayer "caused no end of confusion or of publicity for the man himself."

Actually, the name Goldwyn didn't even belong to him. Schmuel Gelbfisz of Warsaw became Samuel Goldfish before reaching New York in 1899. Goldfish became Goldwyn in 1918 when he took for his own surname the corporate portmanteau of his partnership with the Selwyn brothers. Samuel Goldwyn literally meant business.

He was entirely self-created, right from the date he offered for his birth. Berg's nice opening line, in fact, is "Samuel Goldwyn was not born on August 27, 1882." His arrival occurred three years before that, but when he died in 1974 he was claiming ninety-one instead of ninety-four. The movies were in fact a second career; for more than a dozen years he made and sold gloves in Gloversville, New York, and Manhattan. Then, one August afternoon in 1913, upon stopping into the Herald Square Theatre on 34th Street, he had his epiphany:

> Inside the darkened theater, he was almost overcome by the heavy odor of peanuts and perspiration. For five or ten minutes at a time, images—cops and robbers and barroom slapstick—fluttered around on a crude idea of a screen. A cowboy on horseback, identified as "Broncho Billy," suddenly appeared, jumping onto a moving train.

By the end of the year he had invested almost all he had in a group that was boarding a train for Flagstaff, Arizona—a party that included Cecil B. DeMille and was on its way to make *The Squaw Man*. (DeMille wired back: "FLAGSTAFF NO GOOD FOR OUR PURPOSE. HAVE PROCEEDED TO CALIFORNIA. WANT AUTHORITY TO RENT BARN IN PLACE CALLED HOLLYWOOD FOR $75 A MONTH. REGARDS TO SAM.") *The Squaw Man* became Hollywood's first feature-length film.

As Goldwyn hit his mogul's stride, he developed a taste and reputation for size and excellence. "*Every* picture we make is intended to be a Big picture"; surprisingly, most of them were good. Goldwyn poured so much money and risk into each that for a while he couldn't be sure where his next reel was coming from. He tried to get the best writers, bringing to California such unlikely laureates as Maurice Maeterlinck ("He's the guy who wrote *The Birds and the Bees*"). He had some formidable male stars over the years (Ronald Colman, Eddie Cantor, Gary Cooper, and David Niven), but female ones were more elusive. Goldwyn's attempts to turn imports like the Russian Anna Sten ("She has the face of a spink") into above-the-title names could be fiascoes, and he often got his pictures made with stars borrowed from the bigger stables.[1]

But the pictures got made: *Dodsworth*, *Stella Dallas*, *Wuthering Heights* (the Bronte property was brought forward somewhat in time "because Regency costumes would not show off Merle Oberon's shoulders to their best advantage"), *The Pride of the Yankees*, and *The Best Years of Our Lives*, for which he finally, in 1947, won his Best Picture Oscar. "The Goldwyn Touch" meant "understated elegance," says Berg, and the *New York Times* cited his "desire to lead the public rather than follow it." Sometimes the pursuit of elegance went a bit too far: Goldwyn ordered the setting of *Dead End* tidied up: "There won't be any dirty slums—not in *my* picture!"

Goldwyn is mostly a story of telegrams and anger, though not in the passionate sense of E. M. Forster's term. What Berg concentrates on is the business of getting pictures produced, and the result, while intelligent and impressive, is also a bit of a drag. For pages at a time Goldwyn's character is allowed to get lost among percentages and loanouts, distribution, battles with United Artists, deals, miscalculations, and betrayals. Berg, the author of a highly regarded biography of the editor Maxwell Perkins, seems so determined not to write a beach book that his Hollywood sometimes seems an oddly unanecdotal place. He is very good on the filming of *Wuthering Heights*, but he usually spends too much time talking about what happened before the cameras rolled. One learns any number of interesting things from him (early talkies seem so monotonous because "the camera was housed behind glass and actors were planted near microphones"—Gordon Sawyer hadn't yet invented the traveling boom), but there's too much attention to too much trivia. Berg would have done well to remember that it's only a movie. (And he might have quoted more from Mabel Normand: "Say anything you like but don't say I like to work. That sounds like Mary Pickford, that prissy bitch. Just say I like to pinch babies and twist their legs. And get drunk.")

Goldwyn was abstemious, but he did not have the sort of reputation that allows one to become secretary of defense. He gambled; he bullied; and, for a while, he womanized. He was a hypochondriac and probably a paranoid. He was generally hopeless at relating to his two children. His self-absorption and hunger for recognition left him unable to play on the mid-sized field of family life. He was better off chewing out one person on the phone or cozying up to Louella Parsons's entire readership. He and his second wife, Frances Howard, lived in a house that might have been a set: "Studio labor installed the guts of the house. 'The result,' observed Sam Goldwyn, Jr., 'was that so much of the place—like the electrical wiring—was very Mickey Mouse.' " He was both frantic and inert, living from picture to picture and hoping the house lights wouldn't come up on himself.

He was, of course, the Yogi Berra of Hollywood, having something to say malapropos every subject. Berg salts his narrative with the requisite Goldwynisms—"I was on the brink of an abscess"; "The public stayed away in droves"; "I've been laid up with intentional flu"—but he is so intent on seriousness, Cultural History rather than Tinseltown Tidbits, that you feel he would almost prefer to include them out. The endlessly aspiring Goldwyn was embarrassed by his verbal stumblings ("I hate my mouth!"), but a family counselor named Hilde Berl (an odd combination of graphologist and shrink) urged him to make a virtue out of infirmity, to embrace even the apocryphal Goldwynisms in the columns: "She reminded him that these gags were good publicity, and actual or not, they were invariably clever and affectionate."

A Goldwynism may be meaningless, but it's always pithy. Berg, by contrast, is rarely foolish but often ponderous: "For all his eschewal of his role in expanding the reach of the cinema, Wyler's motion pictures began to plumb new psychological depths." His ear is not his fortune. (He says that the aforementioned "understated elegance" was "endemic" to Goldwyn's films.) He sometimes tries to go Hollywood (films are "product"), but his heart isn't really in it, and when he jazzes things up he sounds ironically like the moguls' postwar nemesis, television. An example of his TV-documentary style: "A nation huddled around its radios and thumbed through atlases, trying to locate Pearl Harbor." And about the arrival of those TV sets themselves: "America's rooftops became metal forests." The films Goldwyn made are "fables that will enlighten in perpetuity."

Berg's treatment of the McCarthy era in Hollywood sounds like a shuddering collection of sound bites by Linda Ellerbee for "Our World": "The time was ripe for an anti-Communist takeover of America. The country's spiritual leader for most of a generation was dead, and the reins of power were up for grabs." He quite unbelievably (in two senses of the term) uses Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time* as a historical source. Hellman—described by Berg as the "conscience," God help him, of director William Wyler—had been one of Goldwyn's writers. She did the script for *The North Star*, of which the producer later said: "Whenever Stalin got depressed, he ran that picture." Goldwyn's genius for adaptation showed itself once again during the fifties, when he had this picture, which FDR had urged him to make in celebration of our heroic wartime allies, creatively edited: "Twenty-two minutes' worth of sympathetic references to the Soviets were deleted and stock footage of the Hungarian revolt of 1956 was inserted, turning *The North Star* into an anti-Communist action picture."

The fact is that Goldwyn was both distressed by HUAC and a supporter of Richard Nixon, who would eventually award him the Medal of Freedom. Perhaps he was just a trimmer—or perhaps he had a longer view and surer sense of proportion than his

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Thomas Mallon's next book, Stolen Words: Forays Into the Origins and Ravages of Plagiarism, *will be published this fall by Ticknor & Fields.*

[1] Berg quotes the lines from Cole Porter:
"If Sam Goldwyn can with great conviction
Instruct Anna Sten in diction,
Then Anna shows
Anything goes."

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biographer shows in the chapter he calls "The Plague." (Whether the title refers to McCarthyism or the growth of television is actually never clear.)

Goldwyn's career ended with two curiously lifeless musicals: the movie versions of *Guys and Dolls* and *Porgy and Bess*. But his film vault already had in it enough pictures sufficiently terrific to assure his being remembered as a man of achievement—or, in Hollywoodspeak, a giant of the industry. Billy Wilder, as Berg shows, caught him well: " 'He was a titan with an empty skull . . . not confused by anything he read, which he didn't.' But his 'instinct for the better things' made Goldwyn, in Wilder's eyes, 'an absolutely, totally dedicated man—like a passionate collector.' " Berg's over-researched though usually intelligent book makes the mistake of bloating his story with such detail—"He took a cup of coffee after every meal and water (without ice) in between"—that it becomes a kind of DeMille epic. He needed an editor unafraid to cry "CUT!" or even to suggest that Goldwyn might be a better subject for an essay, that form of biography as lamentably extinct as the old two-reeler. □

THE GRAND FAILURE: THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF COMMUNISM IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Zbigniew Brzezinski/Charles Scribner's Sons/277 pp. $19.95

Arch Puddington

Having earned a reputation through his writings on the nature of Communism, Zbigniew Brzezinski now announces Communism's impending death. He is quite straightforward on this score: the opening paragraph of *The Grand Failure* speaks of a "terminal crisis," of "irreversible historical decline," and of a doctrine that "will be remembered as the twentieth century's most extraordinary political and intellectual aberration."

In ordinary times, so sweeping and unequivocal a prediction would have evoked noisy and contentious debate. Brzezinski, however, has suffered a fate common to Western Sovietologists who saw their work overtaken by developments within the Communist world. Hardly a day passes without a commentator announcing the demise of Communism, the inevitability of Soviet decline, or the bankruptcy of Marxist theory. In this atmosphere, Brzezinski's argument may strike some as little more than a reformulation of the prevailing conventional wisdom.

The Grand Failure is, nonetheless, an important book, partly because of Brzezinski's skill in explaining the intellectual, as well as the economic, sources of the Communist crisis. Furthermore, unlike most Western experts, Brzezinski dismisses out of hand the Gorbachevian plan of economic modernization, insisting rather that the Soviet economy will never become successful or competitive unless its bizarre model of socialism is abandoned altogether. Brzezinski's insistence on the unreformability of Communism is a needed antidote to the tortured debate over whether this or that U.S. policy will "strengthen" Gorbachev's position.

It is, interestingly, the Soviets who have paid the most serious attention to Brzezinski's views, and who have labored painstakingly to refute his contention of Communism's irrelevance as an economic and political idea. They see, correctly, that his thesis subverts their strategy of enticing Western support for the Kremlin's economic and geopolitical objectives. While Brzezinski does not set down a laundry list of proposals for Western policymakers, his theme implies profound skepticism about perestroika's fate and, for that matter, Gorbachev's future.

Gorbachev's dilemma is partially ideological. Universally praised outside the Soviet Union for his reformist initiatives, Gorbachev has nevertheless failed to reverse his own people's waning faith in the system. His economic policies are widely dismissed as too little, too late, while glasnost has had the unintended effect of revealing Communism as built on a foundation of lies, terror, and irrationality. Each reform, moreover, contains the seeds of further trouble. The devolution of economic power, for example, will increase the autonomy of the republics, which may further embolden national patriotic movements whose anti-Soviet and anti-Russian feelings are already at fever pitch.

In contrast to his pessimistic evaluation of the Soviet future, Brzezinski is altogether hopeful for democratic change in Eastern Europe. Communism, he believes, has ceased to exist in its traditional form in Hungary and Poland. In these countries, at least, the leadership has been compelled to tolerate an independent press, widespread religious freedom, a greatly expanded private sector, free trade unions, and independent associations that, if current promises are kept, will function as the nucleus of non-Communist political parties. Nor is it likely that other Communist parties in the region can maintain regimes of censorship, visa denials, religious persecution, and command economies while their neighbors are moving toward Western-style pluralism.

Is Brzezinski over-optimistic? Based on the most recent developments within the Soviet Empire, one might easily conclude that it is premature to ring the system's death knell. If Marxism has failed in its promise of economic abundance and universal freedom, Leninist political tactics have proved wildly successful in enabling unrepresentative minorities to gain and hold power in the face of overwhelming popular opposition. And as we are now beginning to understand, the singleness of purpose that marks all successful Communist movements is crucial both in seizing power and in maintaining control even under conditions of semi-pluralism. Consider the Sandinistas, whose dominant position appears unassailable despite extreme shortages and hyperinflation.

Furthermore, it is becoming increasingly clear that the genius of the Leninist model lies not merely in its reliance on terror, police intimidation, and an elaborate apparatus of control. Especially in the current period of ferment and uncertainty, Communist parties benefit from what may prove to be totalitarianism's most enduring legacy: the long-term, near-total suppression of normal political life. Forty years of monolithic party control have stimulated mass social amnesia, a condition that afflicts even those societies with traditions of political and cultural pluralism. The result is that Communist parties enjoy a powerful advantage over opposition groups weakened almost from the beginning by inexperience, confusion, and, inevitably, disunity. Thus the difficulties currently encountered by opposition groups like Solidarity, which find the transition from protest movement to political party much more difficult than anticipated.

For East Europeans, then, the question of what comes after Communism is perhaps more complicated than Brzezinski suggests. There is the issue of the current generation of party leaders, whose willingness to surrender the trappings of power is open to serious question. Another dilemma is the prospects for democracy under conditions of economic crisis. Will functioning democracies take root, as Brzezinski seems to think, relatively smoothly? Or, as Leszek Kolakowski has suggested, will Communism "continue to decay in a way that is painful and difficult for the people [living in these societies]? A way

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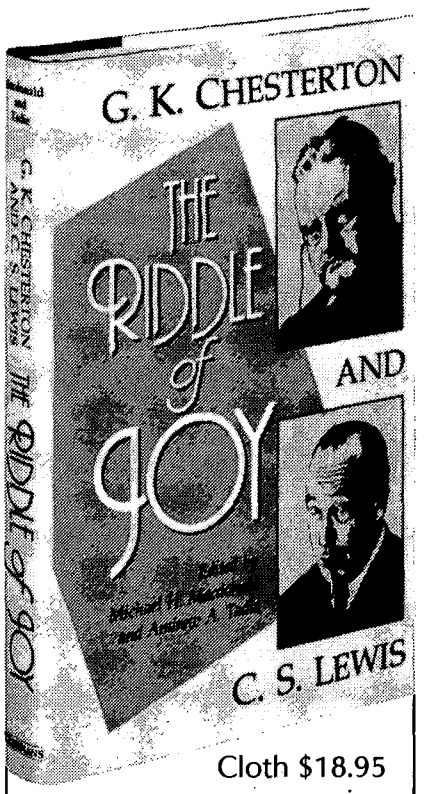

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that could be dangerous for the world"?

Yet even if Communist parties are successful in undermining and manipulating the democratic opposition and thus, for a time, forestalling political defeat, Brzezinski's prediction of the system's eventual collapse seems sound. The forces that have compelled unprecedented changes in Hungary and Poland are already eating away at party control throughout the bloc. A temporary victory here or there, however gratifying to party leaders, will do nothing to resolve the system's incapacity to compete with the modern economies of the democratic world. Economic interdependence with the West, inherently subversive in nonmarket economies, is destined to grow over the next decade, a development that will impose massive changes throughout Communist societies.

Perhaps the most convincing evidence of failure is the acknowledgement by Communists themselves that they have lost the struggle with the West, both economically and politically. Economic convergence, once widely heralded as inevitable, is in fact occurring, but only in one direction, away from socialism and toward the market. Nikita Khrushchev's boast that the Soviet Union was poised to "secure for our peoples the highest living standards in the world" sounds ludicrous today, especially to a Soviet leadership that admits an inability to feed or house its people properly. Even more telling is the admission that, in Brzezinski's words, the phrase "democratic communism is an oxymoron."

No discussion of *The Grand Failure* would be complete without a word about the author, a controversial figure in American political life. As a scholar, Zbigniew Brzezinski is best known as one of a small group of specialists who identified Communism's totalitarian features as the motor behind the Soviet Union's internal repression and global expansionism. Ironically, while many Western academics and politicians came to reject the "totalitarian model," with glasnost a number of Soviet and East European commentators have used the word totalitarian to describe their own societies. Brzezinski was also among the first to raise serious questions about the future of the Soviet economy, citing Communism's rigid centralization as an inevitable barrier to reform.

As President Carter's national security adviser, Brzezinski consistently advocated a more forceful U.S. stance in our relations with Moscow, arguing that Soviet global aggression was eroding American power and prestige. Consequently, Brzezinski became a pariah to the détentist camp. The President was urged to rid himself of his in-house hardliner by such diverse voices as West German officials and Averell Harriman; some critics went so far as to imply that his judgment was clouded by his Polish heritage. This shabby treatment culminated at the 1980 Democratic National Convention, where Brzezinski was roundly jeered by the delegates, effectively ending his career with the party.

As a writer, Brzezinski has gained a reputation for grand theorizing. If at times he seems to be stretching a bit for the new and innovative idea, he can never be called boring, and his predictions about Communism have generally held up well. Furthermore, even when postulating the decay of Leninist ideology and Soviet economic backwardness, he has consistently backed a strong, assertive America. Most recently, Brzezinski has been among the most vocal critics of a U.S.-Soviet second Yalta to "manage" the pace of change in Eastern Europe. If indeed we are approaching the moment when the free world can claim victory in the Cold War, Brzezinski can be credited with having played a praiseworthy role in that triumph. □

THE DEMOCRATIC IMPERATIVE: EXPORTING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Gregory A. Fossedal/A New Republic Book–Basic Books
304 pp. $19.95

Peter L. Berger

In recent years many people, pretty much across the political spectrum, have expressed doubts about the notion that American foreign policy should be concerned with the promotion of democracy. Gregory Fossedal (a former editorial writer for the *Wall Street Journal*, currently at the Hoover Institution) is not burdened with such doubts. He has written a breezy, almost brash book that confidently asserts the legitimacy of exporting American democratic institutions. Given the endless self-questioning and self-deprecation of a large segment of the American cultural elite, there is something refreshing about this feisty affirmation of national purpose. To be refreshed, alas, is not the same as being persuaded.

Fossedal begins by evoking the scene in 1936 when the first group of American volunteers sailed off to fight in Spain in the newly formed Abraham Lincoln Brigade. He does so not in order to endorse the political judgment of these individuals (it was poor, as he points out, and their idealism was put to very bad use by the Stalinists who took over the Spanish republic) but to highlight his point that Americans in large numbers have always been prepared to embrace struggles for democracy and even to risk their lives in the cause. That is most likely correct, but the very example of the Lincoln Brigade and its disastrous fate should have slowed Fossedal's enthusiastic argument for a Wilsonian foreign policy.

Fossedal observes that people everywhere, if given a chance, will opt for democracy. He further observes that there is now a worldwide movement toward democracy. This should benefit the United States and cheer Americans. Instead, he notes, there is a widespread sense of American impotence and decline, and a corresponding skepticism about any foreign interventions (not just military ones) in favor of democracy. This is doubly unfortunate because it is widely acknowledged that American foreign policy should encourage respect for human rights and should foster economic development: both human rights and development, Fossedal contends, are inextricably linked to democracy. And American democracy itself will only have a future if democracy continues its worldwide ascendancy.

If one looks at the world since, say, the early 1970s, it is indeed hard to gainsay Fossedal's view that democracy has been in the ascendant. Most notable in this respect is Latin America, where one dictatorship after another has given way to democratic regimes. Southern Europe has swept away the authoritarian regimes of Spain, Portugal, and Greece, and even Turkey appears headed for a stable democracy. India, the world's largest democracy, has continued to be that, with only the short interval of Indira Gandhi's emergency rule. There are strong democratizing tendencies in the newly industrialized countries of East Asia and, in the same region, few today would question the democratic stability of Japan. Most recently there have been vigorous democratic upsurges within the Soviet Empire, not only in some of the East European satellites but in the Soviet Union itself (though Fossedal's epigram, "today *glasnost*, tomorrow democracy," may be a bit overoptimistic). Not all of these developments, of course, are due to American influence and policies. But Fossedal is undoubtedly correct when he argues that the democratic developments are in America's interest and that Americans may derive satisfaction from the reflection that it is their own political institutions as well as values that are gaining abroad, rather than the institutions and the ideology of America's principal adversary in the world.

Despite skepticism about a proactive democratic foreign policy in elite groups (including, importantly, the foreign-policy establishment both inside and outside the State Department), Fossedal finds a good deal of continuity from one administration to another in the efforts to promote democracy abroad. Thus he sees no sharp break between Jimmy Carter's human rights policy and Ronald Reagan's call (made dramatically in 1982 in his speech to the British Parliament) for support of the "democratic revolution." Both stances are interventionist in the name of American democratic principles; they differ more in nuances than in ideological substance. What is more, the readiness, in principle, to intervene exists strongly in both major parties; they differ only in whether the pro-democratic interventions should primarily target right-wing or left-wing dictatorships. The argument over support for the Nicaraguan contras, of course, represents this difference between the parties most sharply. Despite this polarizing tendency it is quite remarkable, as Fossedal notes, how many recent interventions received widespread bipartisan support—political and economic interventions in the Philippines, in Poland, and in South Africa, and even military (by proxy) interventions in Afghanistan and in Angola. And the democratic interventionism of the United States was given institutional expression in the creation of the National Endowment for Democracy, again with strong bipartisan support.

Fossedal would build on this underlying consensus. In principle, at least, he sees no problem with any of the interventionist methods—political, economic, propagandistic ("public diplomacy"), and even, though with great caution, military. Instead of what he calls "dilutive compromises" between Democrats and Republicans ("we'll support X less, if you support Y less"), he recommends "additive compromises": supporting sanctions against

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South Africa as well as against Communist countries, giving military assistance to the contras as well as to the Afghans, and so on. And finally, to counterbalance the increasingly ineffective United Nations, he suggests the creation of a League of Democracies, in which, inevitably, the United States would play a leading role.

A number of Fossedal's positions are well founded, others much less so, and even the former do not necessarily imply the policies he recommends. Fossedal is right that most people, in widely different countries, opt for democracy when given a chance; he leaves out the fact that this option may be quite fickle and that, under changed circumstances, people may opt for something else again. It is quite true that Americans have long felt that the fate of their own democracy is inextricably linked to the advance of democracy abroad; it is not at all evident that they are right in this assumption. Fossedal is on very sound ground empirically when he maintains that human rights are best protected by democratic regimes. The relationship between democracy and economic development is much more complex than Fossedal asserts: there is no empirical warrant for saying that democracy fosters economic development in its "take-off" phases—indeed, the opposite may well be the case; it *is* almost certainly valid to say that *successful* development releases democratizing pressures, as in many of the newly industrialized countries today; but, alas, it may *also* be the case that, at a later stage again, democracy may bring with it increasing economic stagnation, as an ever-expanding system of entitlements, created by what Mancur Olson has called "distributional coalitions," slows down economic growth and stifles all forms of productive enterprise. And while there has indeed been of late a wave of democracy in much of the world, there is every possibility that this trend may be reversible: one long look at Latin America today should have at least raised the suspicion in Fossedal's mind.

Further, Fossedal is too sanguine about the results of American pro-democracy actions abroad. Perhaps the paradigm for such actions is Woodrow Wilson's great crusade during and just after World War I: among other things, it destroyed the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and created a bevy of violently nationalistic states in central Europe, at least contributing to the discontents that held the roots of World War II; and domestically, as Robert Nisbet has argued, it brought about a quantum leap in the powers of the federal government; neither accomplishment can be looked upon as a triumph of democracy. More recently, the United States did indeed impose democracy on the defeated Axis powers, with enduring success. Its attempts to do the same, usually by less violent means, in the postwar Third World are a mixed bag of successes and failures. What is interesting, though, is that Fossedal, in arguing against the skeptics, consistently discusses the *efficacy* of pro-democracy interventions; he barely touches on the question of the latter's *moral legitimacy*. Is it really so self-evident that democracy represents the moral apex of man's political history? And, even if that were so, by what right can the United States arrogate to itself the national mission to promote this particular form of government at all times and in all places?

Democracy is a morally ambiguous, empirically ramshackle construction. Its achievements are very mixed: some truly great, such as the relatively reliable safeguards for human rights that Fossedal mentions; others deplorable, such as the institutionalization of demagoguery and resentment. Under modern conditions it is very probably the best form of government to be had. It is a means to certain ends, such as the protection of individual liberties; it is not an end in itself. Is such a regime worth defending? Of course it is, especially against the thoroughly repulsive alternatives that are currently available. But it would seem very dubious to identify its promotion with the national purpose of a great power, and even more so to make it the guiding principle of the latter's actions on the international stage. Put simply, Wilsonianism is not to be recommended as the ruling norm of American foreign policy.

To say this, however, is not to recommend the opposite, a *Realpolitik* utterly devoid of normative content; such a course not only would be morally reprehensible, but the American people would not stand for it. What emerges from such considerations is a middle position, in which one seeks to balance interests and ideals, prudence and principle. There is nothing new in this. It has always been the position of those who sought to balance power and conscience, *kratos* and *ethos*. This is not an easy course to take, and one that requires political leadership (especially in the presidency) that is cool-headed and articulate. It is *not* the stuff of which crusades are made, and we can be thankful for that. Crusades rarely reach the promised land, and when they do they often bring about more evils than they set out to combat. The volunteers of the Lincoln Brigade (even when all their particular misjudgments are bracketed) are not exactly models to be emulated. □

A TURN IN THE SOUTH

V. S. Naipaul/Alfred A. Knopf/307 pp. $18.95

Dave Shiflett

V. S. Naipaul is a man without roots, a wanderer on a spinning planet, not the kind of guy you'd find sitting on a front porch whittling ducks. He is, however, interested in the idea of home—a place where you fight your fight with life on the same dusty floorboards, where your family chants the Beatitudes around your deathbed; a place where you are buried and await the worms and the archangel's trumpet while your grandchildren chase butterflies beyond the graveyard fence. Mr. Naipaul had heard there were people in the South who lived this way and went there for five months to see for himself.

He had other interests as well. Like most people, he wanted to know something more about the racial situation, perhaps especially because he comes from a place where slavery also existed. But his interest in race soon faded, not because race is a minor part of Southern life. It just isn't the biggest one.

He met plenty of people straight out of central casting. There was the retired newspaperman in Charleston, South Carolina, who knew every tree in the county and every cloud in the sky. He possessed the sense of place Southerners are famous for, that love of tree stumps, fishin' holes, and bird dogs that is often mistaken for pantheism.

But as Mr. Naipaul discovered, the old newspaperman didn't really worship nature; instead, he saw it as his stage and had even prepared a skit to be performed after his death. His tombstone will read "Have One On Jack"; a fund will provide the whiskey with which the living will toast the dead. Here was a mind that entertained two opposite ideas simultaneously and not only functioned but also prospered. Mr. Naipaul liked that spirit and sensed a bigger story; you can see him crack a smile and lick the lead of his pencil.

Such a spirit was not confined to the newspaperman, and over the course of his journey Mr. Naipaul discovered what is probably the most widespread characteristic of Southerners: they are often quite close to the land—even tied to it—but they are also strangers to the earth. Which is to say they might spend their lives following a mule, but all the while their minds are on the Garden of Eden or the fireworks of the Apocalypse or some other unseen and perhaps supernatural event. Supernatural or not, however, the Biblical events are more real and sustaining than the food in their bellies: given the choice between their lives and their religion, they'd quickly give up the ghost.

All of which made for an interesting situation, one in which the potential for conflict between author and subject was great. In one corner was Mr. Naipaul, a lapsed Hindu, a sophisticated world traveler, a man not known to put any stock in the metaphysical explanation. In the other corner were many simple people who never left home, yet whose minds traveled to places Mr. Naipaul didn't believe existed, and whose culture was permeated by religious ideas. This had the makings of another "Sahara of the Bozart."

But it didn't turn out that way. Something got to Mr. Naipaul. It might have been the woman Baptist preacher who kept figurines of a black Jesus and

Dave Shiflett is a writer living in Virginia.

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a white Jesus, she not wishing to lose a convert on a technicality. Or maybe it was the businessman exercising his Christian responsibility by teaching a black man to read. Many times Mr. Naipaul heard people attribute their good works to a religious obligation.

Or maybe timing had something to do with it. Mr. Naipaul is a tired man. Over the course of his life he has found much to dislike in the world: its pettiness and hatred have driven a stake very close to his heart. So along come the Southrons, the lowliest of whom is animated by the grandest of ideas: order out of chaos; love answering hatred; life following death. This is not, he found, an idiot, feel-good religion. Their lives are battlegrounds of hope and despair, longing and dread, paradise and hellfire. Southrons spend their lives in darkest Gethsemane.

No account as they are, however, they are not petty, and what's more, even if there's a tear on their cheek, there's also a grin on their face because they figure it'll come out fine in the end. In short, they're full of hope, which Mr. Naipaul seems to be short of. And even if he doesn't believe their ideas, there's no arguing that they are more worthy of the human mind than the modern preoccupation with your gonads, my gonads, and sports cars.

Whatever the reason, Mr. Naipaul is inspiried by the Southern spirit and actually has some fun, showing exceptional interest in a central figure in Southern culture—the redneck. He quotes a local expert as they observe one slouching about a motel lounge: "He's [the redneck] probably thinking, with that hair and beard, that he's God's gift to the world. But he's just a neck. He's as lost as a goose. He's never been on a tiled floor in his life."

Where do they come from, Mr. Naipaul wonders.

"They're Scotch-Irish in origin. A lot of them intermarried, interbred. I'm talking about the good old rednecks now. He's going to have an eight-to-five job. But there's an upscale redneck, and he's going to want it cleaned up. Yard mowed, a little garden in the back. Old Mama, she's gonna wear designer jeans and they're gonna go to Shoney's to eat once every three weeks."

Is Shoney's preferable to McDonald's?

"At Shoney's you'll get the gravy all over it. That's going to be a big deal. They'll love it. I know these sons of bitches."

Mr. Naipaul, heart and pencil racing, also asks about redneck women.

"They just sit at home. They're worrying about where the next sack of potatoes is coming from. But they can live on a hundred dollars a week. Cheaper than you and I. And they're not skinny. Some of them are big and fat. What am I saying? They're *all* big and fat."

In this case, Mr. Naipaul's guide misleads him, as some redneck women are quite skinny—it takes two of them tied together to swab a gun barrel, as the saying goes. But he later sums up the carbohydrate situation with considerable skill:

> Ever since the Charleston hotel (and especially the busy business people in Atlanta) I had been aware of very fat people, people who had risen (like dough) to special spheres of obesity. Not one or two; they were almost a class. Charleston was a resort town. They had appeared there, in the hotel, in gay holiday clothes that were on them doubly and trebly exaggerated; and they had, bizarrely, also appeared in couples. At one time there were at least four such couples in the hotel—gargantuan, corridor-blocking, and (no doubt the effect of numbers) not without aggression.

Those readers who have a feeling for Mr. Naipaul are happy at his levity, but many reviewers have criticized the book for not paying enough attention to race and the region's other ills—for not being another "Bozart." These indictments, generally written upwind of Harlem, are in keeping with the usual approach to the South: slice up the current sinners, then strafe the graveyard.

Mr. Naipaul's contribution is to look deeper into the soul of the South. Great stretches of the text are taken up with interviews, most of them notable for their candor and the willingness of their subjects to return time and again to their own shortcomings. He provides enough descriptions and comparison (this Southern town smells like that African village) to remind us that it's his book, just as the interviews are reminders that he is visiting a world that is new to him. And so that world becomes more familiar.

Mr. Naipaul seems to feel somewhat at home there. He finds some relief among the prisoners of hope. He plans, he says, to complete one more book and then give up writing. At that time, perhaps he should settle in Savannah and take up the banjo. □

BORDERLAND:
ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN SUBURB, 1820-1939
John R. Stilgoe/Yale University Press/353 pp. $35.00

Christopher Caldwell

When universities try to purge frivolous courses, Suburban Architecture can find its way onto the hit list, between the History of Sports and the Poetry of Rock and Roll. In telling us that "suburbs deserve scrutiny," John Stilgoe, professor of history of landscape at Harvard and author of *Common Landscape of America: 1580-1845*, pits himself against a snickering academic consensus to the contrary. *Borderland* is a brave attempt to correct the prevailing orthodoxy that Americans living just outside of major cities have only shallow roots in history and a relationship to the major achievements of American culture that is tenuous at best. In an age when academics make extravagant claims for the most marginal cultures, yet continue to view suburban America as if it were just one long "Dick Van Dyke Show," Stilgoe is breaking important new ground.

Stilgoe believes the suburban landscape is the product of a uniquely American experiment as daring as—and similar to—that upon which the pioneers embarked. While never ignoring the historical reasons behind it (climbing real-estate prices, unclaimed farmland nearby, and so on), Stilgoe considers urban flight primarily the product of an intellectual movement of major dimensions. Prettily illustrated (were it in color, I'd have said *lavishly*) with maps, paintings, photos, and drawings, *Borderland* covers the suburban development of six cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Chicago—and discusses briefly the early automobile suburbs of the West Coast.

Cholera, pollution, and other urban health hazards; the triumph of Jacksonian democracy and, with it, the collapse of urban-based Federalism as a political force; the growth of a new, romantic aesthetic—Stilgoe credits a complex web of factors for the move to the borderlands that began in the 1820s. Americans shaped their retreats as fantasies, perhaps in a grudging realization that the populated parts of Europe were somehow more picturesque. It was a matter of balancing "the beauty of scenery with the need of neighbors"; the beauty of Constable, of Van Ruisdael, was what the early borderlands were after. Persistent nostalgia for the English landscape was another factor.

The nineteenth century was marked by an unusual diversity of suburban architecture: country seats, gentleman farms, Gothic "follies," *cottages ornes*, villas, even triple-decker apartments. Stilgoe invites us to see a similar variety in our own suburban structures, and he's keen to explode the myth that suburbia is a spanking new invention. "Little boxes" did not come in with Levittown; the houses of Colinsville, Connecticut, were built on uniform plans in 1826. The single-horse stable was playing the role of the modern garage by the time of the Civil War. And that most grotesque of modern American sights—the neon "strip"—didn't come in with the superhighway; it had its beginnings in the late eighteenth-century "ribbon village," the one-street village gradually bleeding into other one-street villages.

Early suburbia was not merely a matter of cities growing, oozing ectoplasmically into the hinterlands; most early commuters lived well away from the big city. Yet, around the 1870s, with expansion in public transportation, urban sprawl began to take on the form in which we know it today. The new "streetcar suburbs"—Allston/Brighton, Brooklyn, South Chicago, West Philadelphia—were not really suburbs at all, as Stilgoe points out, though developers did rely on a vestigial countryside and positive mythology about borderland living to lure prospective homeowners. Rents were rising (Stilgoe blames "industrial capitalism"), and for the first time people were fleeing the city not out of philosophical belief but out of economic exigency; these are hardly the adventurous transcendentalists associated with early nineteenth-century borderland living.

That suburbs could be crowded, unprivate, and dirty was a rude awakening to the wealthier areas, and they began to take on the accoutrements of what we call suburbia today: neighborhood associations and charters, zoning laws, minimum lot sizes, and the obsessive planting of trees, in order to both reaffirm the ruralism of the place and protect one's privacy. This last is a radical departure from traditional neighborly attitudes: hedges, fences, and other obstructions, said Edward Payson Powell, "give an air of exclusiveness that is un-American." Yet, while the glamour and *bon ton* of the "exclusive" suburb persisted into this century (Faith Baldwin's society novel *Station Wagon Set* enjoyed brisk sales in 1938), by the Second World War writers and academics were calling the borderlands conservative, petty, tacky, and anti-intellectual.

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There is in fact a lengthy intellectual tradition in the American borderlands, though hardly of the type one would expect. If present-day patrician communities brimming with radical ideas—Brookline comes to mind—are a political anomaly, they are certainly not a historical one. Limousine liberals have a long pedigree. Here is an Orange, New Jersey, development of the 1830s:

> The development quickly acquired a reputation for housing almost scandalous modernists, "long-haired men and short-haired women," in the words of one resident. . . . Many Llewellyn Park residents practiced radical Swedenborgianism, atheism, homeopathy, mysticism, spiritualism, and even a sort of nature worship that inspired a May Festival . . .

More permanent intellectual contributions, particularly in horticulture and animal husbandry, were made by country gentlemen living near cities. Perhaps modeling himself on Jefferson, William Hamilton built a mammoth greenhouse on his property in West Philadelphia, and was responsible for domesticating the gingko and the Lombardy poplar. Between Senate sessions, Daniel Webster bred llamas on his Marshfield, Massachusetts, farm. Such lone experiments created an independent network of freelance intellects that has done much to keep American cultural life aloof of passing fads and fashions, from Bauhaus sugar-cube apartment blocks to "Robot-modernist" furniture. All lampooning to the contrary, suburbanites have been guardians of much that is beautiful and genuine in American life, and Stilgoe is baffled that their contributions have of late been so undervalued. Ultimately, *Borderland* is as much about the shifting response of the intellectual classes to suburbia as it is about suburbia itself.

Stilgoe's reading on the subject is wide and impressive, sometimes *op*pressive. The bibliography, which stretches to twenty-five tightly printed pages, covers references from *Piers Plowman* and *The Scarlet Letter* to real-estate brochures and old Stanley tool catalogues. Stilgoe doesn't write in glittering prose, and has the academic's habit of overproving his assertions.

Yet the book is full of fascinating trivia, and it is hard not to share the author's nostalgia for our now-vanished borderlands. Those who know Dorchester, Massachusetts, as a warren of crack dealers and gang violence will feel a bit sad to hear a nineteenth-century observer refer to it as "one of those agreeable suburbs of Boston," with mansion grounds "which are a complete museum of horticulture, full of every known variety of fruit tree; orchards well planted; and long, fruitful alleys." Flushing, Long Island, now best known for such architectural treasures as La Guardia Airport and Shea Stadium, was in our grandfathers' times a rolling farmland laced with dry-stone walls reminiscent of rural New Hampshire. We read of farming at 30th Street in Manhattan, and pond-skating at Fifth Street in Philadelphia.

Stilgoe is very comfortable in the period when suburbs enjoyed the praise, not the opprobrium, of the American intelligentsia. For all his skepticism about "industrial capitalism," when it comes to a battle between the urbanizing, Europhilic "Lost Generation" and the American traditionalists who spearheaded not only the patriotic revival of the 1920s but also the antiquing craze, he's on the side of the nativists. He even hints at a strong sympathy for the tacky, uniform housing developments that went up just after the Second World War—a characterless box on a street without trees didn't look too bad to a man who a year before had been crawling under machine-gun fire at Normandy or guarding an airstrip on Iwo.

Here *Borderland* ends, just as the debate between the "good-life" suburbanites and "ticky-tacky" city-dwellers takes on the dimensions by which we know it today. Stilgoe has promised us another volume, picking up where this one left off, which will cover the present-day suburban landscape. One looks forward to seeing this champion of prosuburbanites in the era of Daniel Webster take on antisuburbanites in the era of Beaver Cleaver. □

A THEFT

Saul Bellow/Penguin/109 pp. $6.95 paper

Rick Marin

Unveiling his fourteenth book *only* in paperback edition seems a move either of sublime crankiness or craftiness on Saul Bellow's part. As the story goes, Bellow's agent shopped the Nobel Laureate's 25,000-plus words around to a select few of the better magazines and was told, No thank you, too long. Would the NL care to have another go with the blue pencil? The NL would not. Nuts to the *New Yorker*—surely one of the unnamed mags—and its ilk. Bellow would publish *A Theft* without them and uncut, as "A Novella By. . . ." in paperback. Like Jay McInerney! And behold: the book becomes not just a publishing event, which any new work by Saul Bellow already is, but a Media Event, essential "Life" news for *USA Today*. Cranky *and* crafty, it's the old master's way of telling the world he still has a few tricks up his sleeve.

Though it's been received with polite enthusiasm, all the blurbable ink on *A Theft* still reads like a tribute to what might have been. In 109 pages of his elegant, supremely confident prose, Bellow packs a wallop of possibility. *Herzog*, *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, *Humboldt's Gift*: all reasons to seek out the author's latest fictional pronunciamento, whatever its form, and read on. But breezing through *A Theft* is so fast and fluid a business that it leaves the devoted reader in a state of constant, breathless expectation. When does the great writer's long story, his short novel, start to get great? The short answer is never. The long answer: it's worth the trip anyway.

The heroine is Clara Velde. Meet her on page one, beginning, as Bellow suggests, with "what was conspicuous about her":

> . . . short, blond hair, fashionably cut, growing upon a head unusually big. In a person of an inert character a head of such a size might have seemed a deformity; in Clara, because she had so much personal force, it came across as ruggedly handsome. She needed that head; a mind like hers demanded space. She was big-boned; her shoulders were not broad but high. Her blue eyes, exceptionally large, grew prominent when she brooded. The nose was small—ancestrally a North Sea nose. The mouth was very good, but stretched extremely wide when she grinned, when she wept. Her forehead was powerful.

She needed that head. Big head, big-boned, shoulders not broad but high, eyes *exceptionally* large. . . . Sound familiar? Glance at the authorial mugshot on the back cover. The nose isn't North Sea (maybe North Side) but the mouth is very good, stretching, as it does, extremely wide when "grinned." And such a head! Among contemporary American novelists this one still reigns king of what D. H. Lawrence called "head culture." Has Bellow conjured a female after his own image, from a prime cut of his own rib? Not exactly. But Clara is a woman after his own heart, more substantial than the erotic playthings he's plunked in the beds and bathtubs of dozens of male alter egos over the years. Powerful and rich in her middle age, the "czarina of fashion writing" is formidably outsize. She doesn't purr, she roars. She is woman, trumpets *A Theft*. Yet for all that, she never seems quite real.

And that's the problem. Bellow spends a great deal of time inventing Clara, preparing her and us for The Theft—her four husbands, digressions up the family tree, the days when she used to cook dinner naked but for a pair of clogs, and so on—to the point where you wish he *had* gone at it again with the blue pencil. "Anybody who had it in mind to get around her was in for lots of bad news." When this vicariously gossipy tone isn't just right—Bellow enjoying a colloquial stroll up Fifth Avenue—it becomes society-column, banal "bad news."

The thievery in question doesn't occur until near the halfway mark, a playful dalliance. The pilfered *objet* is an emerald ring, a sentimental memento *cum* "fairy-tale object" symbolic of Clara's first and last true love, Ithiel "Teddy" Regler. Readers disconcerted to find a woman the center of Bellow's fictional attention can take ample solace in Ithiel's robust, manly company. An inspired, global brain who Clara boasts "thinks no more of going to Iran than I do about Coney Island,"

Rick Marin is television critic for the Washington Times.

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Regler is a major *macher*, a backstage adviser to international potentates ("The Shah likes to talk to him") and a constantly talking head, on and off MacNeil/Lehrer. If this weren't the pre-Ayatollah 1970s he'd be opining on "Nightline."

When on stage, Ithiel takes over, like a strong character actor supporting weak leads. He rails, Clara swoons. "*Tell!*" she begs. And he does, inveighing against psychiatry ("keeps you infantile"), child abuse ("normal punishment in my time"), and even—Bellow taking a slightly anachronistic shot here—glasnost. "They strangled the opposition, and now they're pretending to be *it*." Regler is a regular font for Bellow's bile. Not that Clara doesn't have her splenetic moments too: "By now nobody can tell the difference between natural and unnatural sex," she grouses. On hearing that her new *au pair* is from Vienna, she tries to subdue thoughts about that "hatchery of psychopaths and Hitlerites." New York City she dubs "Gogmagogsville."

But Bellow's most daring rhetorical parry is his casting of the *au pair*'s Haitian boyfriend as the ring thief. He's "French-speaking, dark-skinned, very good looking, arrogant like," according to Clara's Hispanic cleaning lady. Sidney Poitier? Not if Bellow can help it: "These people came up from the tropical slums to outsmart New York, and with all the rules crumbling here as elsewhere, so that nobody could any longer be clear in his mind about anything, they could do it." The cocky boy with his combat boots up on Clara's silk pillows is a direct descendant of the giant Negro pickpocket who exposed himself to old man Sammler back in 1969.

Gog and Magog—last of the giants. A quarter century after Herzog's feverish memos to posterity, Bellow still sees the walls tumbling down around Civilization, with the jungle (and its lawless barbarians) creeping inexorably in. It's Bellow the polemical reactionary, the stubborn counterrevolutionary, who's most alive in *A Theft*. He too rails, with Clara and Ithiel, against indiscriminate sex, the criminal breed, Communism. Bellow the humanist, the intimate sage of heart and mind, doesn't keep up. The characters never seem equal to their eloquence, even by Bellovian standards. Much of Clara's story is told in the presence of her confessor, an inscrutable Oriental named Laura Wong. As a fictional device their one-sided "conversations" are functional, but never quite credible. Self-knowledge and a clearer grasp of what she calls "the Human Pair" come to Clara when she finally dismounts the proverbial couch. (All this from the former Reichian turned shrink-basher.) Her concluding sentiments are typically high-ceilinged Bellow, but the architecture is too puny to hold them.

A Theft isn't a triumph of nuance or portraiture, like some of the stories in *Him With His Foot in His Mouth*. It's the skeleton for a novel. Clara is less a character than Bellow's idea for one: "his failed concept," to borrow a phrase from the book. Ithiel—a name plucked from Old Testament obscurity (meaning "God with me") and a resonant echo of Milton's warrior-angel Ithuriel—is a seer, one who takes in "the big, *big* picture." Clara insists he's the man to write the "wrap-up of wrap-ups" for the twentieth century, a "Gibbon or Tacitus of the American Empire." Such was Saul Bellow's promise; a writer of big books, not little ones. *A mind like hers demanded space.* His too, his too. □

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 9)

7,884 deaths in New York City between 1978 and 1986 listed as "narcotics-related" and found that many were AIDS-related, although not reported as such. In fact, he concluded that the true number of HIV-related deaths in New York since 1982 is 134 percent higher than officially reported.

Researchers in other cities have used innovative research techniques to challenge the accuracy of the data submitted to CDC. One study in Chicago, for example, found pools of HIV infection in certain neighborhoods three times as high as those reported in state test sites. A survey of HIV seroprevalence among adolescent patients at Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C. prompted a prominent physician there to warn that "the prevalence of HIV infection among urban youth is higher than originally suspected."

Other surveys in Baltimore, Staten Island, and my own Orange County, California, where 3.5 percent of all prisoners have tested positive for HIV, support the contention that the epidemic has advanced more rapidly among the so-called underclass than is generally believed. The relentless march of HIV infection through these neighborhoods will ultimately dwarf other seemingly intractable social problems such as unemployment, the disintegration of the schools, and the drug epidemic.

Without a systematic effort to collect reliable data on the incidence of HIV infection, our researchers will never be able to ascertain the size and location of the epidemic. The confusion documented by Mr. Fumento testifies to the overall lack of knowledge among researchers in these areas. It comes as no surprise to those of us who have decried the political immunity accorded this killer virus that our knowledge is so limited so late into the epidemic.

Unfortunately, only a few states have aggressively sought to determine the number of infected and their demographic profile. The single most important step that medical and public health authorities can take in this regard is to treat HIV infection no differently than other sexually transmitted diseases. Measures unique to HIV infection—such as the widespread use of anonymous testing and the onerous requirement that doctors obtain the patient's *written* consent before being tested—must be jettisoned and replaced with the traditional approach to fighting contagious disease.

That the HIV epidemic has been handled as a political rather than a public health issue is perhaps best illustrated by the open warfare between New York Governor Mario Cuomo and the Medical Society of the State of New York (MSSNY), which represents more than 27,000 physicians in the state. In April, the MSSNY grew so frustrated with the special treatment accorded HIV infection by Cuomo and his health commissioner, Dr. David Axelrod, that it approved a resolution calling for Axelrod's dismissal. MSSNY also approved two resolutions that call on the American Medical Association to endorse the principle of equal treatment for HIV infection:

Resolved, That the American Medical Association take the position that:

1. states should apply the same public health measures to contain the HIV epidemic as are used to control the spread of other communicable or sexually transmissible diseases; and

2. physicians be permitted to test patients for the presence of HIV infection in the same manner as they currently test for other infections and conditions; i.e., when such a test is warranted in the physician's exercise of his medical judgment, and that states impose no restrictions or obstacles on this ability.

The average citizen might find it remarkable that such a commonsense approach has not already been adopted in the state with the largest HIV caseload in the nation. The explanation for this failure of public policy lies in the decision to regard HIV infection as a political rather than a medical problem.

—William E. Dannemeyer
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Michael Fumento replies:
I am heartened by Congressman Dannemeyer's discovery of the plight of minorities with AIDS; I was writing on the subject in 1987. This problem will never get the attention it deserves until we stop pretending that "AIDS doesn't discriminate." In the United States it is, and with few exceptions will continue to be, the disease of homosexuals, intravenous drug abusers, and inner-city blacks and Hispanics.

It's amazing how much embarrassment one can prevent in writing letters to the editor if the letter writer merely reads the article. First, Dr. Orient unaccountably failed to notice that I wrote "San Francisco's seropositivity studies all indicate that about 50 percent of that city's homosexuals are infected," and that a sentence before that I indicated that the same had been thought to be true of New York homosexuals. In fact, I believe those figures to be too high, considering that most of the data are from sexually transmitted disease clinics and considering that AIDS cases in those populations are peaking out, but I did provide them. Second, the 0.02 percent seropositivity figure was not for all civilian applicants to the service but was, as I stated, "the prevalence of HIV infection in military recruits not belonging to the aforementioned high-risk groups."

Recent seropositivity for all military applicants 25 to 29 was 3.8 per 1,000. And for those 17 to 19 it was only 0.3 per 1,000. The overall rate of 1.2 in the most recent test period is a significant drop from the 1.5 percent rate during each of the first three test periods beginning in 1985. Blood donor seropositivity rates have likewise dropped. Why such declines are cause for worry escapes me.

I have dealt with the African situation at length elsewhere. (See "AIDS: Are Heterosexuals at Risk?" *Commentary*, November 1987.)

For her sample spouse study, Dr. Orient chose the most alarming and, not coincidentally, one of the smallest. I could play the anomalous study game by pointing out that some spouse/partner studies have shown zero percent infection rates. Overall, such studies have shown that even over a period of years only about 20 percent of seropositive persons manage to infect their spouses, even if condoms are not used.

Dr. Orient's conclusion is basically the alarmists' final refuge of "to hell with the facts, this situation is so potentially serious we must assume the worst." But to make this argument one has to ignore the entire last section of my article, which demonstrates how overreaction to AIDS is exacting a terrible toll in research on other diseases, not to mention the toll in terror. If the alarmists are wrong, as a steady stream of new evidence continues to substantiate, the amount of sickness and death from non-AIDS diseases, due to diversion of funds and attention, will be immense. Fear is no substitute for facts and logic. □

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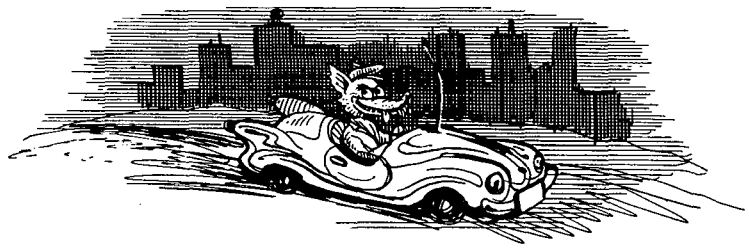


ALL WASHED UP

by Philip Terzian

Bosola: . . . Other sins only speak;
murder shrieks out: The element of
water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews
the heavens.
Ferdinand: Cover her face; mine eyes
dazzle: she died young.
—*The Duchess of Malfi*

That was John Webster, four centuries ago. But I trust that on the eighteenth of this very month, when the moon is down low and the tree frogs are chirping, when Mary McGrory has drifted off to sleep and dancers in Los Angeles are taking the floor, a modest delegation of reverent Americans will do the right thing.

For at St. Vincent's Cemetery in Plymouth, Pennsylvania, lie the tortured remains of a tragic young woman who gave up her life that this country might endure. That woman, of course, was Mary Jo Kopechne—and twenty years have passed since she was killed in Poucha Pond. Let us, therefore, leave a wreath of flowers at her grave, and a garland of confetti, and give up some thanks.

Thanks because you never know when you might encounter Edward Kennedy. He could be in a committee room, reading declarations drafted by some eager 24-year-old; or pinching a waitress at your favorite Thai restaurant; or staggering down the corridors of the Institute of Politics at the Kennedy School of Government; or running his skiff up on a sandbar near your house. He might be tempting the gods by inveighing against drugs; or visiting the shrine of the Guadalupe Virgin; or speaking at a seminar on the theme of "family values."

But wherever he is, and whatever he is doing, he is seldom at the White House. And he is not now, has never been, nor will ever be, President of the United States. And for that we can thank a single sad woman, and that woman only, who since one night in 1969 has dwelt beyond our thanks.

After all, if Senator Kennedy had not stuffed the living Mary Jo Kopechne into his Oldsmobile sedan, with visions of sugarplums dancing in his head; if he and his automobile had not taken a swan dive off the Dike Road bridge; if he had not abandoned the drowning Miss Kopechne to her agonizing death; if he had not slept off his debauch, and griped about some noise, at a nearby motel—and then slowly but casually telephoned police with the interesting news . . . well, where would we be?

Suppose, for example, that the swift gathering of slavering courtiers and talented liars—Burke Marshall, Theodore Sorensen, Richard Goodwin, Robert McNamara—had really pulled it off. Imagine that instead of holding the young prince steady through a flaccid series of small-town inquests and reverential probes, these estimable guardians had sought another path. If, for example, Sorensen could have drafted some slightly more eloquent falsehoods to be broadcast on the networks; if, perhaps, Marshall could have bought off the sheriff with an autographed picture; or if Goodwin had dined with some journalist friends, inventing the new art of damage control . . .

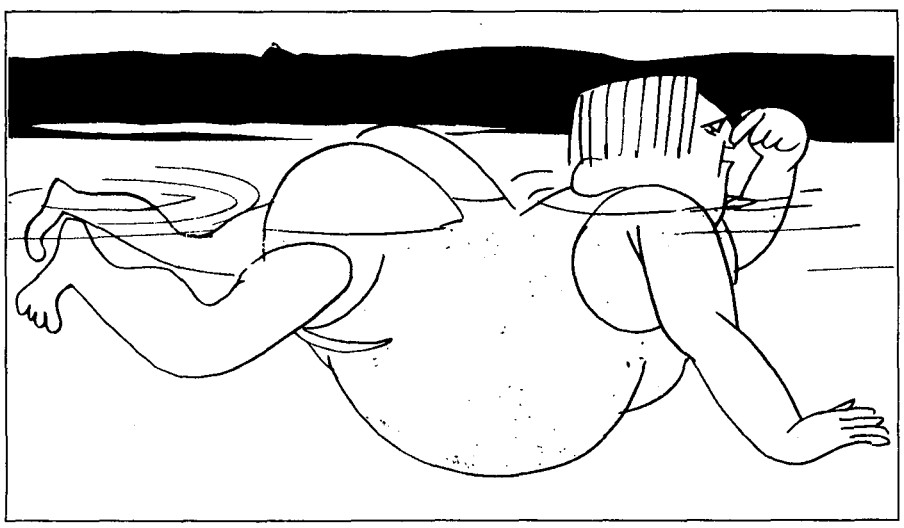
Things might have been different. Edward Kennedy would not have been stripped of his whip's lash by an old Ku Klux Klansman; a McGovern Democrat would be a dentured liberal from a Plains state, at best; and even Jimmy Carter would eventually have disappeared from the pages of *Time*. But it was not to be and it never was, either; for in any equation of politics future, in any calculations that the Democrats could make, no tactic, no stratagem, no scientific polling could rub out the spectre of Mary Jo's corpse. Or cover her face.

This has been strikingly evident, even pitifully obvious, in the past few years. For even though Senator Kennedy—now fifty-seven years old, alternately beet-red and ashen-faced, bloated, weaving through the motions and bursting at the seams—has settled into a kind of left-wing Colonel Blimp persona, he has had to content himself with lilliputian triumphs.

Who would have thought that the Next Kennedy, the surviving brother, should have been reduced in our lifetime to lapping up sound bites from the likes of Norman Ornstein? Or watching the parade of aspirants gone by: Albert Gore must still have had acne when the senator and Mary Jo left the barbecue that evening; Richard Gephardt and Sam Nunn, Jesse Jackson and Paul Simon; who are these people, anyway?

Now, his televised interrogations of Judge Robert Bork or Judge Anthony Kennedy must have pleased the nephews and cousins tuning in. But even his admirers were mortified by his density: he stumbled through his scripted questions, gazed ceilingward during the answers, stared blankly across the table, and changed the subject as instructed.

Who would have believed it that the Senior Senator from the Bay State, petted and nurtured by such lovesick chroniclers as Henry Steele Commager and Archibald MacLeish and James MacGregor Burns, should be wasting the springtime of his senility by tacking on riders, and speaking at rallies, and hiring more interns, and flying to Pittsfield, and hiring more interns, and speaking at rallies, and tacking on riders?



This is not how it was intended to finish. Americans were supposed to demand new priorities, a better tomorrow, a compassionate future, and the National Health Service. All the great faces and names of the past—Roswell Gilpatric and Arthur Schlesinger and Jeff Greenfield and Edwin Guthman and Adam Yarmolinsky and John Kenneth Galbraith—were supposed to put Humpty together again. Instead, they were chased off the field and run down to earth by old Richard Nixon and little Jimmy Carter—and poor Mary Jo.

Perhaps here in New England, where the Kennedys seem to metastasize, there is more reason for comfort in remembering Chappaquiddick. Here that Dorian Gray face seems to loom like a dirigible, and the knowledge of our narrow escape is easily forgotten. The island itself is little changed from twenty years ago, when the boiler-room girls and a handful of fellows got together for some fun. The bridge still crosses the pond; the little hamlet of Edgartown still yawns in the noonday sun. The incident is not a memory but a basic fact of life: nobody knows details, but everyone knows it happened. Some of the names—Esther Newberg, Joseph Gargan, Susan Tannenbaum—bubble to the surface now and then. The family has resolutely circled around Teddy: "Why bring this up now?" his youngest son once shrieked to me.

The answer, of course, is that the wonderful edifice is actually a screen. It has been the good fortune of the Kennedys to have been attended and embellished by more creative talent in greater abundance than even old Joe might have dreamed was possible. But the best of fortune has a way of turning sour, and once the show is over, the audience drifts home. At Chappaquiddick, of all places, it is more evident than ever that Camelot had nothing to do with Sir Thomas Malory, or even King Arthur, but was and remains a musical comedy. □

Philip Terzian is editor of the editorial pages of the Providence Journal.

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CURRENT WISDOM

Boston Globe

On the Arts page of the suave *Globe* Dr. Kelly Wise, the Alexander Woollcott of Beantown, heaves up evidence of the enlightenment that is spreading from the Republic's public toilets to the art galleries:

Robert Mapplethorpe burst onto the art scene in 1977, when his work was shown at three New York galleries. The subject matter was raw, sensational, unnerving—offered without shyness or apology. Before the cool eye of the photographer, gay men posed in leather, chains and shackles and enacted certain of their sado-masochistic pleasures.

One model, wearing backless leather tights, leaned over a table exposing his penis. Mapplethorpe himself posed with a whip shoved up his backside; and then with rouge and lipstick in drag and then in a leather jacket. About the very dashing self-portrait in the leather jacket, which for some viewers recalls the potent charm of James Dean, Mapplethorpe once remarked, "In that one . . . I am as I'd like to go out looking, I guess."

At 42, Mapplethorpe died of AIDS Thursday at the New England Deaconess Hospital in Boston. . . . Mapplethorpe will be remembered most for his phallocentric imagery and his eloquently textured style.

[March 13, 1989]

Handbill
(Harvard University)

Erudite commentary on the human condition from some Ivy League gals with time on their hands:

THE WITCHES RETURN:
PATRIARCHY ON TRIAL

A Dramatic Indictment of Gynocide: 1989

Wild Witches expose and condemn the massacre of Women's minds, bodies and spirits

INTERNATIONAL HEXING
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A CELEBRATION OF ECSTASY

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New Words, Glad Day, Out-of-Town Ticket Agency, Arborway Video & Sound & Lunaria Bookstore in Northampton

Washington Post

The youthful David S. Broder sees Mikhail Gorbachev, high atop a Roman column, stripped to the waist, the sun glinting over his rippling musculature:

Not since John F. Kennedy lifted the hearts of West Berliners and made his face and name a symbol of hope in remote villages along the Amazon has there been a secular world figure of these dimensions.

What makes Gorbachev's feat all the more extraordinary is that he has done this while acknowledging—and perhaps because he admits—that the nation he leads is far weaker than anyone had reckoned.

[May 21, 1989]

New York Times

The actor Ned Beatty, playing the role of Socrates:

Fate is kind. Most men don't have to live with the fear of being raped. My experience tells me we couldn't do it very well.

I appeared in the movie version of James Dickey's book "Deliverance" 17 years ago. My character, Bobby, was forced to squeal like a pig as he was being raped.

"Squeal like a pig." How many times has that been shouted, said or whispered to me, since then? . . . Let's suppose men were being raped in great numbers. How would we know? Would men who are raped be apt to report the crime?

"Pillaging" is still allowable in sports, the stock market, the movies. Adolescents take their cues. "Pillaging" becomes "wilding," and rape tags along because it was never buried that deeply in the unconscious anyway.

[May 16, 1989]

Spectator
(London)

In a review of Christopher Hitchens's most recent *omnium gatherum* of bunk, Mr. John Grigg alerts readers to a mass movement of "our time" that conventional demographers have missed:

Though he lives in the United States, he rejects the prevailing ethos of American life and continues to proclaim the gospel of socialism.

One can only admire his refusal to join the mass-movement of Left-wing intellectuals to the opposite quarter of the political firmament, which has been so marked a feature of our time.

[May 6, 1989]

New York Times

How far we have fallen from the days of McCarthy, as revealed by a far-gone editorialist for the *Times*:

Imagine that an alien spaceship approached Earth and sent the message: "Take me to your leader." Who would that be? Without doubt, Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev.

[May 21, 1989]

Washington Post Magazine

Ms. Richard Cohen demonstrates with charming ambivalence that she is indeed a woman:

In fact, I would like to be almost anything or anyone that I am not. The list is a long one, but it includes, among other things, a woman. I would like to be a woman—not permanently, mind you, or, even really.

[May 28, 1989]

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The sick man of Europe is brought from death's door by a grocer's daughter, and a dour editorialist grumbles:

Her laissez-faire economic policy of privatizing state-owned industry and dismantling Britain's postwar welfare state has produced an uneven economic recovery. While the middle class in the south of England is doing very well, the industrial Midlands, Scotland and Ulster are suffering badly. This may be her most lasting legacy. Economist John Kenneth Galbraith calls it "private splendor and public squalor." Mrs. Thatcher is a true Victorian in both her morality and her lack of social conscience.

[May 2, 1989]

Boston Globe

The voice of hope eternally sprung, deranged even:

I commend the *Globe* on its series of articles "Saving the planet." I am energized with all the possible solutions the articles introduced, and I am impressed with the depth of coverage.

I hope the *Globe* will continue to keep its readers informed and tell us more of what we can do to provoke political decisions that will make many of these suggestions a reality.

I have given up disposable diapers and have begun a compost pit and a vegetable garden. I will buy products to support the rain forests and light bulbs that save wattage, and will stop using our coal stove. And I will tell everyone I know to read these articles.

—Denise Atwood
[April 21, 1989]

New York Times

The immortal James Earl Carter still gibbering fantastically and preserved for all time in the pages of the estimable *Times*:

"The trappings of office never appealed to me," he said. "That's one of the things I was criticized for when I was in the White House. I think I've got enough judgment to ascertain accurately the proper limits of my involvement in affairs that are of concern to me, and I honor those restraints meticulously. But there's a great deal of liberation in what I can do now."

[May 11, 1989]

Omega Institute for Holistic Studies
(Rhinebeck, New York)

News of the intellectual attainment of a long-time wallflower, Miss Betty Dodson, in the bulletin of an eminent asylum for forward-lookers:

The Joy of Self-Loving
Betty Dodson
Course #0806 $130

Betty Dodson, artist, sex educator and author of *Sex for One*, is recognized as an authority on female sexuality. For the past 16 years she has been leading workshops, lecturing and writing about self-sexuality as a primary source of pleasure and a key to sexual growth. She believes that the practice of masturbation can heal inhibitions and feelings of sexual deprivation.

In a supportive atmosphere of women only, Betty shares her experiences with meditative masturbation, creative visualization, affirmations and sexual fantasy. She talks about the importance of creating an erotic environment and the use of mirrors for sexual self-knowledge. Participants share how they feel about their bodies and orgasms, and practice breathing patterns and other exercises that enhance sexual energy. With a focus on self-loving, the workshop inspires each individual, whether pre-orgasmic or sexually sophisticated, to take the next step on her sexual and spiritual path.

[Summer 1989]

Handbill
(Columbia University)

More missions of a lewd and egghead nature disseminated to the innocents of the Ivy League:

THE CENTER
FOR
AMERICAN CULTURE STUDIES

presents

"THE NEW AGE SEXUAL RADICAL: A SPIRITUAL DEFENSE OF PROMISCUITY"

JOSEPH KRAMER
(Erotic Tantric Therapist)

TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM
(Author, *Keep the River on Your Right*)

ANNIE SPRINKLE
(New Age feminist pornographic activist)

Moderator: DARRELL YATES RIST
(Writer-in-Residence, CACS)

Tuesday, March 28, 7:00 p.m.
603 Lewisohn Hall

Information: 854-8253

The Writers-in-Residence Program is funded in part by the Literature Program, New York State Council on the Arts

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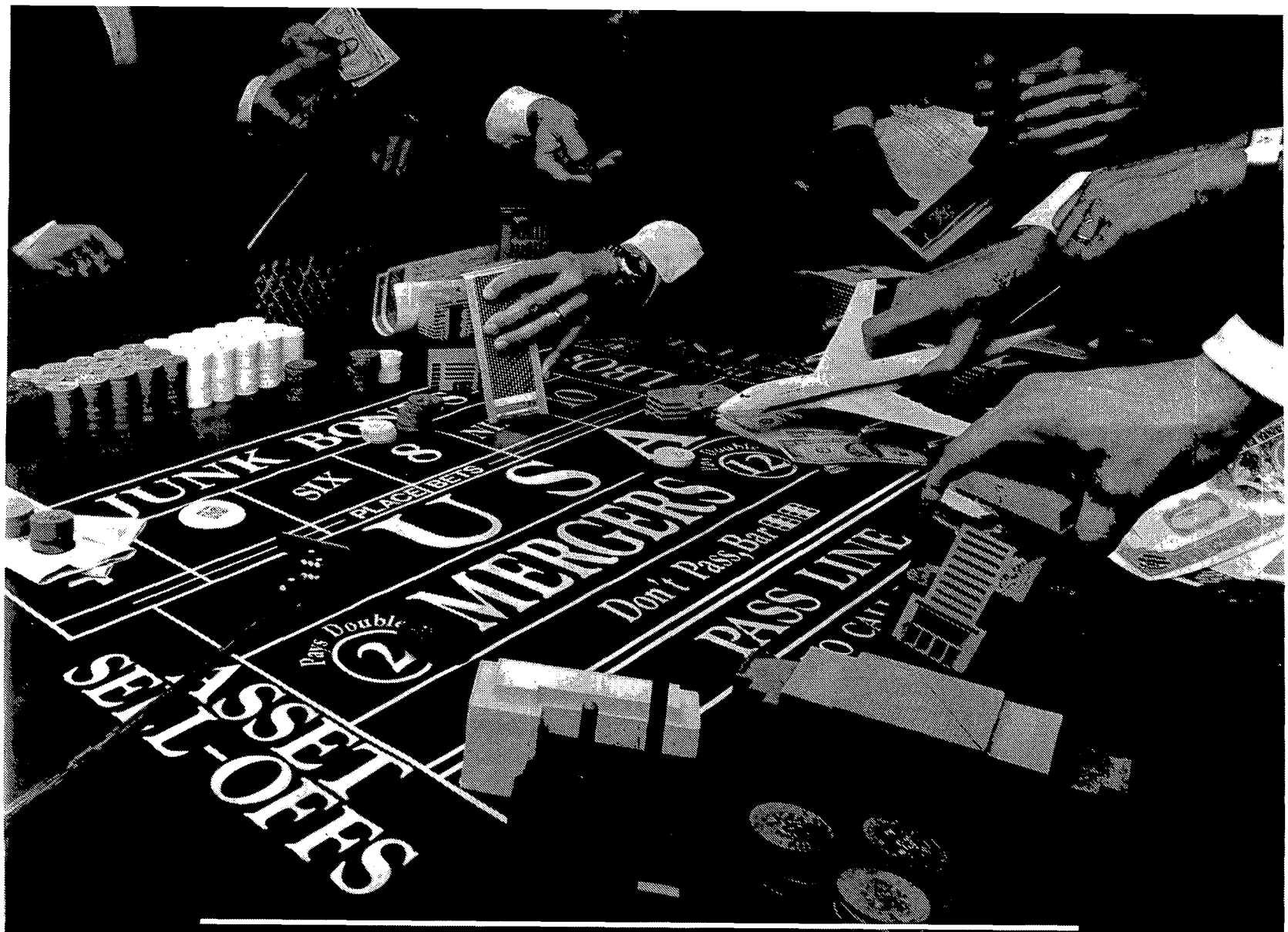

They're playing with America's future.

Mergers, takeovers, quick profits. They're part of the money-moving game a lot of U.S. corporations are playing today.

While the competition is investing in research, training and new equipment, American business is gambling on short-term deals that jeopardize our long-term security.

High stakes for America:

We're not investing. On key indicators like fixed investment and civilian R&D expenditures, Japan has **doubled** its lead over the U.S. since 1979. During this decade of merger mania, Japan's manufacturing productivity rose 60% faster than ours.

We're "debt poor." Around 25% of corporate cash flow now goes for debt service, including billions borrowed to pay for takeover games. That's money competitors in Japan and Europe can use for research and new product development.

Our technology's slipping. Foreign inventors were issued 47% of all U.S. patents last year—one-fifth of the total went to the Japanese alone.

We're exporting our strength. While the competition has been building technological and worker strength in their own nations, American corporations have hiked offshore investment by 50% since 1983—U.S.-based multinationals now do over 25% of their manufacturing **outside the U.S.**

There's greed at the top. American CEOs make up to **six times** what CEOs earn in 14 other industrial nations. Compensation for top U.S. executives shot up 51% in the last five years and bears no relation to company performance.

It's time to turn it around.

American business should put America's future first.

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